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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1956.

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**COMMENT OF
THE DAY**
Cyprus Dilemma

THE British government's dilemma over the constitutional future of Cyprus becomes increasingly acute, and the condition can in part be attributed to the government's own curious behaviour.

Kite-flying through the medium of "inspired" stories appearing in national newspapers can be quite a successful technique for sounding out public feeling on domestic affairs, but it is a risky procedure when applied to overseas problems which involve several interested parties. Thus is "leaking" the alleged plan for giving Cyprus self-determination within ten to 15 years time, the British government aroused an immediate hostile reaction in Turkey, whose government in turn "leaked" a counter constitutional plan for the island.

The extraordinary situation thus created has been to have the world presented with two "official" plans for the future of Cyprus, neither of which has been officially disclosed through normal diplomatic channels and which are so far apart in conception as to make them unacceptable to any of the parties concerned.

The mystery of the British "plan" has been further complicated by the revelation (not officially denied) that Governor Sir John Harding took it back with him to Cyprus to negotiate. But with whom has not been explained. There has been no indication that since Archbishop Makarios was banished the Greek Cypriots have found for themselves another spokesman to negotiate the constitutional future of Cyprus.

Now comes news from "informed sources" that the government has decided to abandon its "plan," partly in deference to Turkish protests, partly to stifle vociferous objections raised by 60 Conservative back-benchers in the Commons. Generally speaking Sir Anthony Eden and his colleagues have no reason to feel proud of this venture in international kite-flying.

As for the merits of the so-called plan, they are open to criticism. For the Cypriot Greeks, self-determination is merely a synonym for union with Greece, and union with Greece merely means Cyprus changing from being a British colony to a Greek colony. The British government must figure out something better than this.

Soviet Satellites Growing Restless SIGNS OF REVOLT IN HUNGARY AND THE UKRAINE

London, July 6. The mushroom cloud of the de-Stalinisation campaign has spread out menacingly into Russia's satellite empire, causing unrest and rebellion of the mind behind the Iron Curtain.

Official and intelligence reports indicate clearly that the move has spread beyond Poland, to other East European nations in bondage.

In most East European nations under Soviet control signs of unrest have been troubling their Communist regimes for some weeks past.

But it was the open revolt of the Polish steel workers in Poznan which raised the alarm.

The call resembled a similar outcry in Warsaw recently for independence of decision from Moscow.

REVOLUTION TALK

On Tuesday the party paper Szabad Nepszabadsag complained that resistance to the party was increasing and that some circles even talked of a second revolution.

Tibor Dery, a well-known writer, went so far as to demand the abolition of censorship and a radical change of the country's policy.

The people's wrath is largely directed against the dictatorship of Rakosi who has been summoned to Moscow where he is understood to have been advised to "mend his ways" and to the anti-Stalin line.

Moreover, Rakosi is the chief target of the hatred of Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito for having played a leading role in Yugoslavia's expulsion from the Cominform in 1948. Tito today has the Kremlin's support and sympathy.

In neighbouring Czechoslovakia the edict of the Soviet party has also resulted in a number of internal troubles and growing vigilance of the party.

STUDENTS' DEMAND

Last month students asked for greater freedom of teaching. Their demand was rejected as "provocative" and as being "directed against our people's democratic system and the Communist party."

A large number of party members was reported moreover to have asked for the calling of an extraordinary party congress.

Moreover trouble has been reported from the Czech mining industry where workers are said to be opposing the stepping up of production targets.

It was the increase of production targets without adequate improvements in the living standard which contributed to the Poznan rising last week.

Lately has been heard of Bulgaria or Albania where the "thaw" is apparently progressing at a very slow pace.

But according to reports reaching London demonstrations took place at the end of May in Kiev, in the Ukraine, on the 30th anniversary of the death of General Symon Petlura, leader of the Ukrainian independence movement.

The reports claimed that at one stage these demonstrations turned against Russia.

These developments indicate that the mushroom cloud of the

**the strongest and
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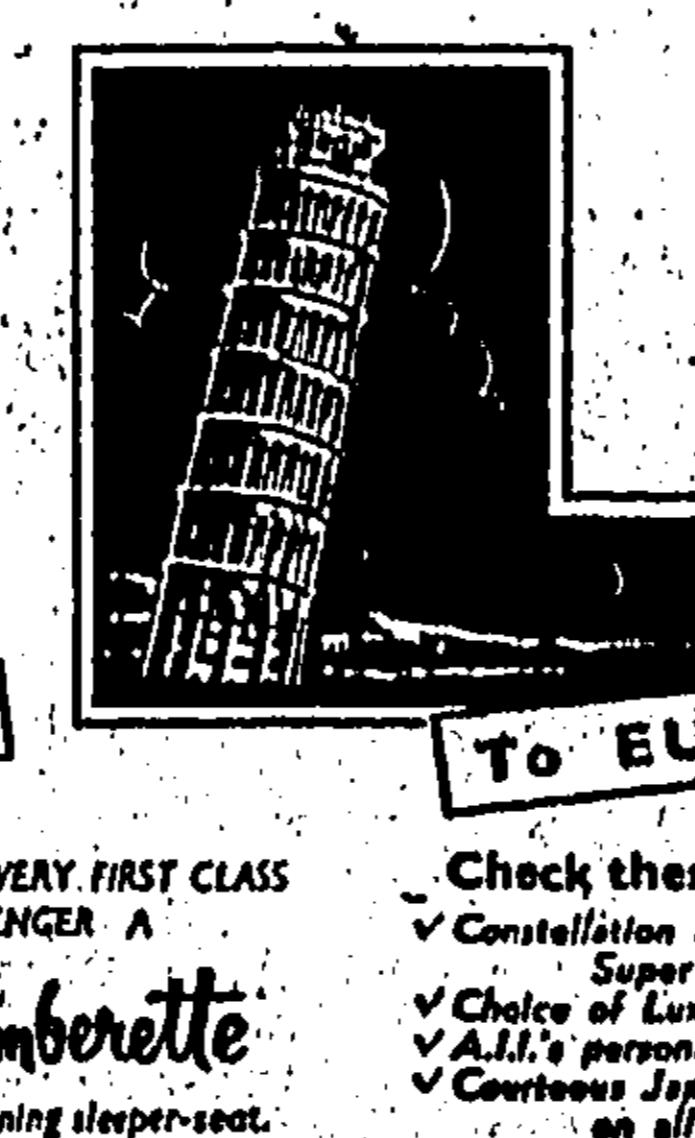
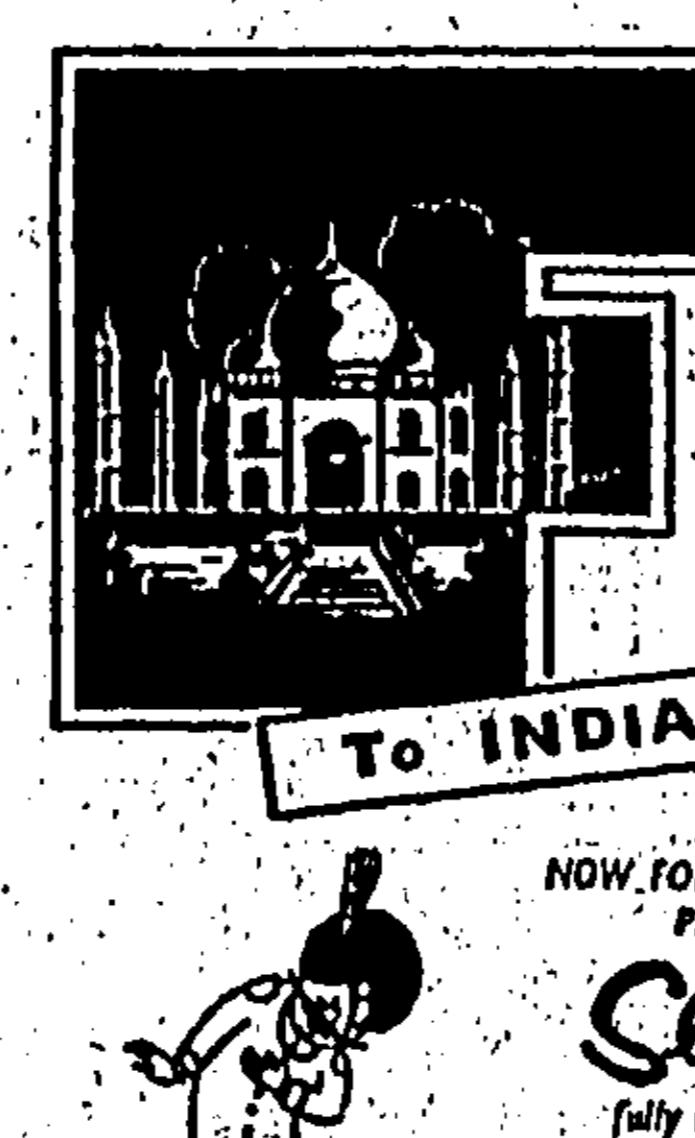
Good news! Shell Cockroach Killer now contains the amazing new Shell Insecticide DIELDRIN.

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RELAX IN DAKS
THE BAKERS COMPANY
IN ACTION THIS WEEK
Whiteaways

Hongkong Competition Worrying South Africa

London, July 6. Mr Eric H. Louw, South African Minister of Finance and External Affairs, is to have official talks here next Wednesday on the situation facing the South African textile industry through the importation of cheap goods from Hongkong.

Mr Louw will be accompanied by Dr A. J. Nogval, chairman of the South African Board of Trade and Industries, in talks on the imports with Mr Peter Thorneycroft, President of the British Board of Trade.

"The trouble arises from the fact that Hongkong is a British territory," Mr Louw said today. "Therefore we cannot employ protective tariffs as we have done against Japanese competition. We are bound by our trade agreement with Britain and we have to discuss the matter to see how we can overcome the difficulty."

The goods imported from Hongkong are very cheaply produced and our textile industry is seriously affected by this form of competition," he added.

Mr Louw, who has been attending the Commonwealth premiers' conference here, left by air today for talks in Brussels and Paris. He will return to London on Tuesday evening for the textile talks.

Steel Strike Goes On

Platinum, July 6. There was no sign today of a break in the six-day old nationwide steel strike, though both union and management have expressed willingness to resume negotiations for a new contract.

The strike has already cost nearly 2,000,000 tons of steel and thrown 30,000 men and women out of work in allied industries—apart from the 650,000 steel workers themselves.

Federal mediators separately interviewed union and management officials here yesterday, and Mr. Joseph Finnegan, director of the Federal Mediation Service, said afterwards that he will get in touch with them again early next week.

STRATOTANKER CRASHES

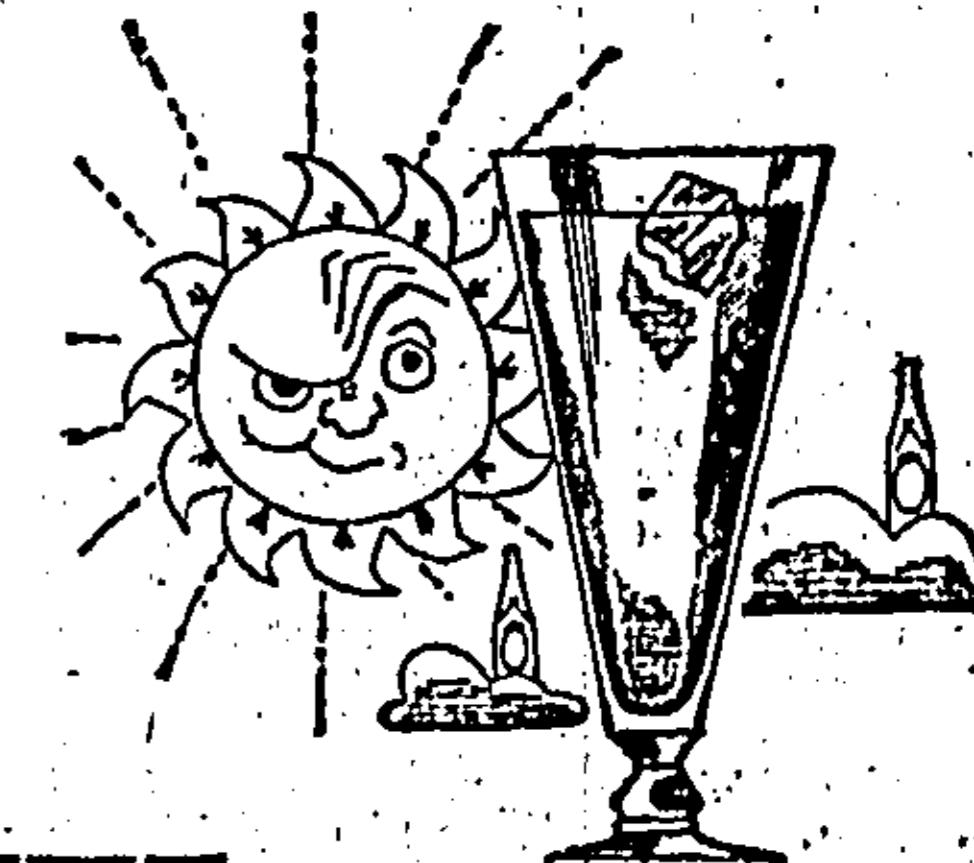
New York, July 6.

Six US Air Force men were presumed killed today when their KC-97 Stratotanker crashed in a wooded region of Labrador, some 40 miles from Goose Bay air base.

A spokesman at Lake Charles air base, in Louisiana, home base of the Stratotanker, said the plane caught fire after crashing. —France-Press.

HEAT MADNESS

Turin, July 6. Seven persons went mad today in Turin as a result of the heat wave that has stricken Turin. Three of the persons threatened to kill their relatives and had to be rushed to mental hospitals. —France-Press.



Which drink is the quickest quencher?

OF ALL THE DRINKS ON EARTH
the most refreshing and
reviving is lime juice. This is a
fact you can prove to yourself,
in a few enjoyable seconds, next
time the sun shines. You will

also find that this cool
clear, cordial restores
your energy on sultry
sunless days. So the best
idea is to drink lots
of lime juice all the

summer through—
can you think of a
more enjoyable health
rule than that?

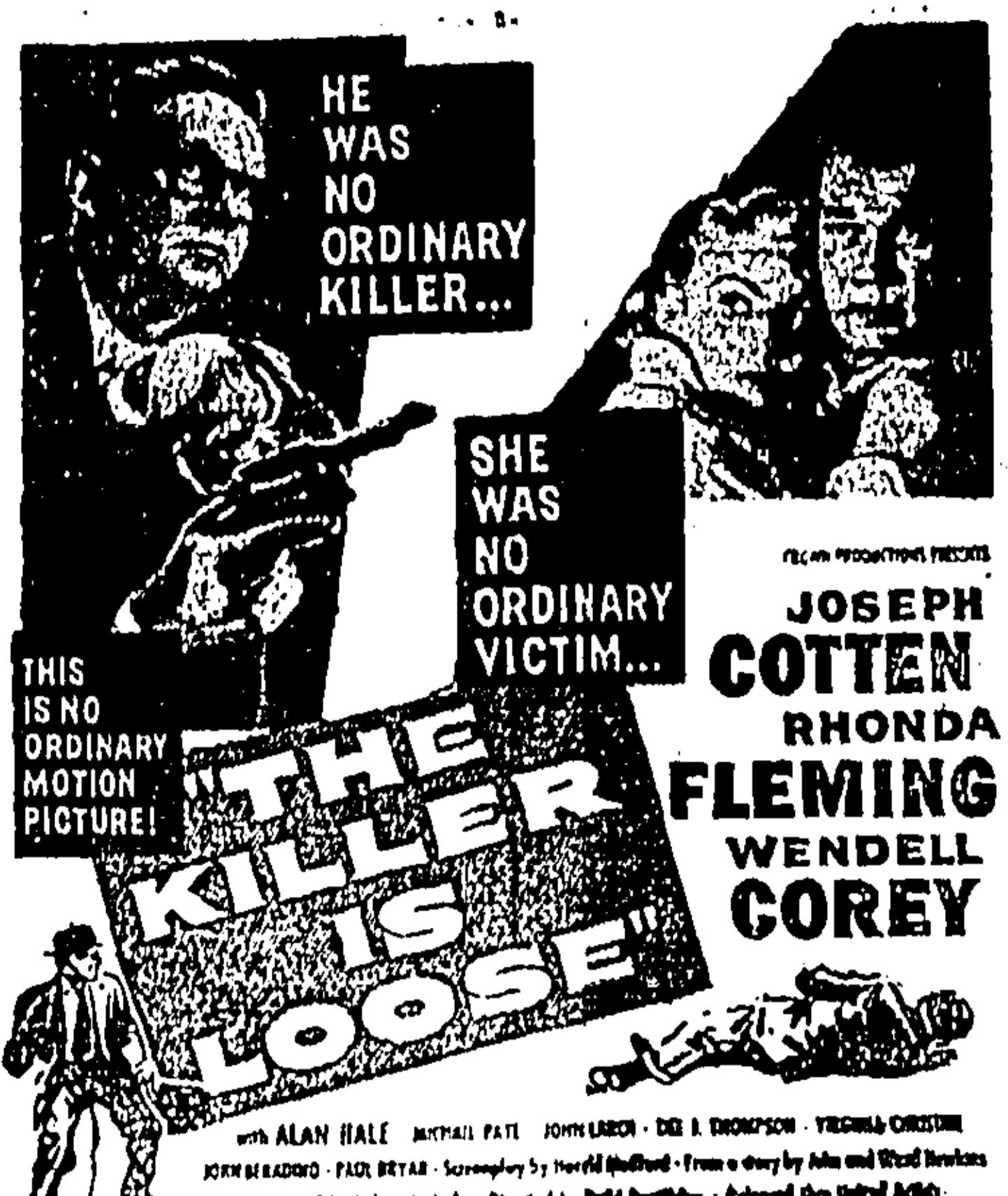
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juice is made by those who grow
their own limes. The juice filtered
and preserved provides a natural
and delicious fruit drink. To be sure
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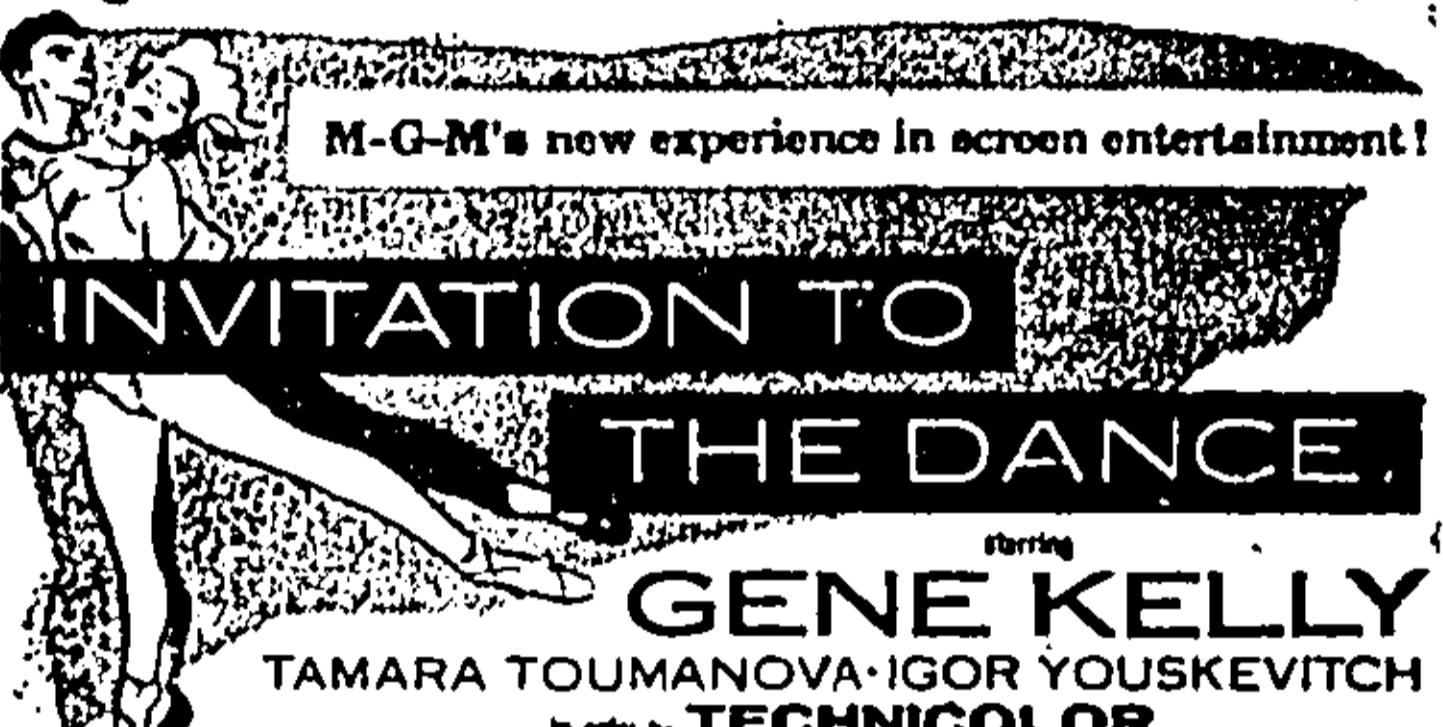
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Bob Hope in "MY FAVOURITE SPY"

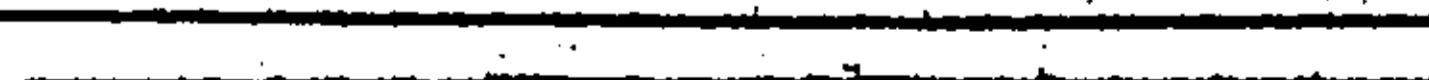


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4 SHOWS TO-MORROW

EXTRA PERFORMANCE ROXY: At 11.45 a.m.

BROADWAY: At 11.30 a.m.



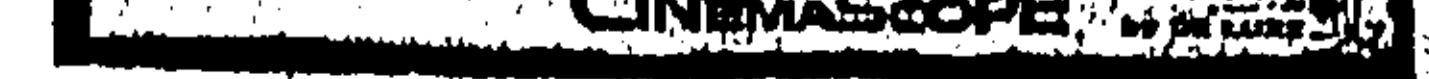
CINEMASCOPE

COLOR BY THE KODAK

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

FATHER TAKEN ILL —SO TEENAGERS RAN THE FAMILY BUSINESS

But Then Came The Credit Squeeze . . .

MOTHER OF DEAD GIRL SENDS PLEA TO EDEN



London. A mother whose 14-year-old schoolboy daughter killed herself last month has made a dramatic appeal to the Prime Minister.

She begged in a personal letter for Government action to end the temptation for teenagers to steal from stores where goods are openly displayed. She wants legislation to compel stores to protect their wares.

The mother is Mrs. Jean Sheridan, 39, of Bertha Road, Great Birmingham. Her daughter, Lynne (above) gassed herself at home.

Mrs. Sheridan believes her daughter would be alive now if she had not begun to pilfer from stores.

In letters to Sir Anthony Eden, Sir Winston Churchill, and her M.P., she tells how "my lovely daughter gassed her little life away because she had been tempted to steal."

"Her mental stress must have been unbearable—she was first tempted by uncovered goods in big stores. We are taught 'Lead us not into temptation,' but the stores do exactly this."

OH DEAR! AT ASCOT, TOO!

London. Lady Docker, Britain's carefree and controversial millionaire's wife, set Royal Ascot in an uproar by signing autographs.

"Preposterous," said one top-hatted observer. "Ascot will never be the same again."

"Quite unprecedented," said one horrified official. "It has never happened before."

Lady Docker signed the autographs for 25 minutes. At one time Queen Elizabeth passed within 25 yards. Lady Docker kept right on signing "Norah Docker" on everything from cigarette cards to cigarette packets.

Duchesses and debutantes, dressed in their finest clothes for a racing event that also is one of the season's top social gatherings, stared icily.

Lady Docker, who has played marbles with the working class, dug coal in a mine, and sent thousands of attractive pictures of herself to shareholders of the company that fired her husband last month, was unperturbed.

"It brings a little happiness, then I don't care what people say," she said.

"It started with an autograph, for a little girl, just show-balled into this big thing."

Her husband, Sir Bernard, signed a few autographs himself as a mob swirled around them. Some were wearing top hats.

Sir Bernard, who is fighting his dismissal as chairman of the multi-million dollar Birmingham Small Arms Company, said: "I've done a lot of things at Ascot, but never signed autographs." United Press.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Robert Lambourne had just left school when his father fell ill. The family business faced a crisis.

But Robert and his 18-year-old sister, Molly,



took it over and they ran it for four years by themselves. Then came the credit squeeze and an £85 debt.

It brought them to Lambeth County Court. And when their success-to-failure story was told, the London firm that sued them for the debt said:

"We have heard it before we should have taken a very different course."

And Judge Clothier, who gave judgment with costs, called it a "very pathetic story and commendable effort."

Later came these out-of-court comments:

TROUBLE WITH THE HEAD

PREFECTS WITH CREW-CUTS ARE DEMOTTED

London. Three prefects at Trinity County School, Wood Green, N.3, were demoted because headmaster Mr A. H. Dalrymple, did not like their crew-cuts.

But the other boys boycotted the vacated s^ts and the prefects were reinstated.

Said a senior boy last week: "The head was furious when the three prefects appeared with crew-cut. I think they felt it would be more comfortable for the summer."

One of the demoted boys, 17-year-old Bernard Bower, of Lyndhurst Road, Wood Green, put red band over his closely-cropped black hair and said:

"All the happened was that I lost my badge for two days. Now I am letting my hair grow again."

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TOUGH LUCK FOR MOTHS

Australian Government scientists report a promising attack on housewives' enemy, the clothes moth.

At present there are effective moth-follers of this type on the market, but they're expensive and must be added in amounts up to at least one per cent of the weight of wool treated.

C.S.I.R.O. wool chemists now find tiny amounts of dieldrin are effective.

Moth balls are effective, but malodorous.

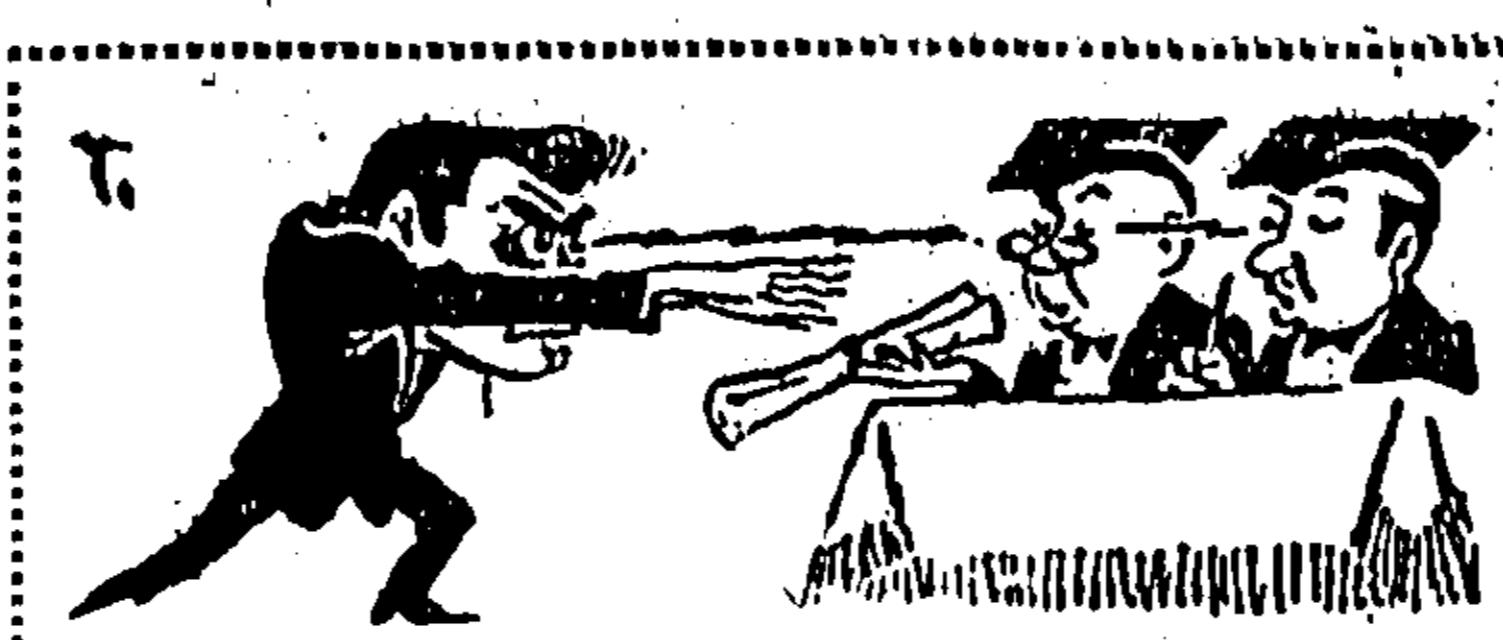
Ideal moth-or-grub killer is a cheap, odourless colourless insecticide which adds to wool fabric in or after the dye-bath, stays in the fabric permanently, and is not removable by laundry washing or by clothes-cleaners/treatments.

In clothes-moth damage, moths lay eggs on the fabric. Grubs hatch from the eggs and feast on wool, which they learn to digest.

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For the past quarter-century scientists have been seeking this ideal.



Eyes Had it: In Mexico City, celebrating his newly won Ph.D. degree from the University of Mexico, Jose-Maria Montes de Obrador had few tequilas too many, disclosed that he had hypnotised the two professors who examined him and the academic panel which discussed his thesis, was arrested and charged with obtaining his degree under false pretences.

DONALD DUCK GETS A NAVY PENSION

Ottawa. Walt Disney's characters have been displaced as badges for ships of the Canadian Navy.

An article in The Crown, official Navy publication, discloses that Donald Duck and friends have been supplanted by more artistic and flowery designs on the badges which grace the quarterdecks of R.C.N. vessels.

The switch to the more edgy designs was ordered in 1948 by Naval Staff. They decided that some of the cartoon-like emblems were not in keeping with the dignity of Her Majesty's Canadian Service.

A Long Search

Initial designs for the new emblems were done by now retired Lt.-Cdr. Alan B. Beddoe, designer of the "Book of Remembrance" which rests in the Peace Tower on Parliament Hill.

Commander Beddoe's job was to trace the history behind the name of each ship and then design an emblem incorporating the more outstanding facts. This involved long searching through sources of folklore and early Canadian writing.

The result: Today the cruiser Ontario carries an emblem centred by a trillium, Ontario's provincial flower. Before 1948 one ship bore a picture of the Queen of Hearts, a stunning young creature, skirts askew and sitting in a puddle of water. The name of the ship—H.M.C.S. Wetsaskiwin. Puns were the order of the day then.

The wearing of badges on 40 sides of ships is a navy custom dating back more than 500 years. Early kings had no navies of their own, but instead hired a number of Knights' merchant ships to fight their battles.

To enable a man to distinguish his allies from his enemies, each ship and its crew carried the family crest of its knight.

Seamen Paint

When the king gained a navy of his own, his ships flew the Royal emblem. As rule by monarchy faded, so did the problem of ship badges was somewhat forgotten. Seamen were left to design their ships' emblems themselves and little restriction was put on their imagination.

Until World War II Canada had only a few ships big enough to rate badges. The war changed this situation, however, and, as the Navy had made no arrangements for a

new badge, the Royal Canadian Navy had to improvise.

Two Cadets In Rag Are Sacked

London. Two officer cadets who took part in the "knives and forks" rag at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, have been expelled.

They are Senior Under Officer Peter Williams, of Great Shelford, Cambridge, and Senior Cadet William Stevens, of Velets Road, Alverstone, Gosport.

A War Office spokesman said: "They are being returned to their depots because of unsatisfactory conduct during the inquiry into the rag."

There is no question of their being punished because of the rag itself.

In the view of the Academy Commandant (Major-General R. G. S. Hobbs), they will not make trustworthy and loyal officers because of their behaviour at the inquiry.

In the rag at the end of last month 1,000 pieces of cutlery were removed from the dining-rooms as a protest against Army food.

The cutlery was dumped on an island in one of Sandhurst's lakes. It was recovered later, according to an anonymous letter to academy officers.

Williams, 21, was educated at Eton.

Sweet Tooth For False Teeth

London. The Derbyshire health executive the other day agreed to pay half the costs of replacing a man's set of false teeth broken by hungry coal pit pony.

The miner testified the pony had a sweet tooth and got his false teeth out of a lunch tin which also contained candies. The miner took his teeth out while working to protect them, he said. United Press.

NO TIE AT SCHOOL, SENT OUT 4 TIMES

Grimsbys. Keith Blakey, 14, son of a Grimbsy postman, went to school last week in an open-necked shirt.

For the fourth time in a week the head, Mr. Stanley Hill, sent him home—for not wearing a tie.

Later the governors met at the school to discuss Keith's case. They stated: "The governors have complete confidence in the headmaster and approve of the action he has been compelled to take."

Keith's parents, of Beverley Crescent, refused to send him to school in a tie because they don't like "being dictated to."

They wrote to Mr. Cyril Osborne, Tory M.P. for Louth. But they learned that their protest letter has been passed to Mr. Kenneth Younger, Socialist M.P. for Grimsby.

NECKLINES TOO

Mr. Younger's election agent, Alderman W.J. Molson, is chairman of the governors at Keith's school—Curry Lane secondary modern.

His comment: "It's a breach of discipline and I hope the parents will see reason. But I shan't attempt to sway Mr. Younger."

He added: "The general appearance at the school has gone down recently. The youngsters mainly responsible are those due to leave."

"Some girls are turning up in dresses with plunging necklines. And some wear jeans."

CPA- FOUR SINGAPORE FLIGHTS WEEKLY

NOW HONG KONG TO SINGAPORE DIRECT-NO STOPS by DC6 The Fastest Service Only 5hrs. 55mins. EVERY TUESDAY Other Flights MONDAYSvia Saigon WEDNESDAYSvia Bangkok SATURDAYSvia Bangkok SLEEPING BUNKS AVAILABLE

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TWO NEW FILMS FROM THE RANK ORGANISATION NOT TO BE MISSED THIS MONTH.

"WHO DONE IT?" BRITAIN'S NEW STAR OF TELEVISION BENNY HILL IN THE SIDE SPLITTING COMEDY OF THE MONTH.

At the King's and Princess from July 18th and

NEVIL SHUTE'S GREAT BOOK "A TOWN LIKE ALICE" Starring PETER FINCH and VIRGINIA MACKENNA

At the New York & Great World Theatres from July 20th

MAKE YOUR DATES NOW!

166 years devoted to the Art of Timing . . .



Gyromatic, the watch that has everything

The slightest motion of your wrist winds the revolutionary new mechanism of the GP Gyromatic. It is antimagnetic, shockprotected and climatized. It stores away a huge power reserve in its unbreakable mainspring and registers every second with unerring precision. Strikingly handsome, waterproof case of stainless steel or 18 ct. solid gold.

(pronounced "Gy-ro-mat-ic")

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



AUSTRALIAN Test cricketer Keith Miller is all dressed up in de rigueur rigout for the Royal Ascot race meeting. His pretty companion is Miss Beverley Prowse, a former Australian beauty queen. (Express)



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and her consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, riding in the Royal landau, drawn by greys with outriders, on arrival at Ascot. They were watched by a large and fashionable crowd. The Queen's four-year-old colt, Alexander, won the Royal Hunt Cup on the second day. (Express)



EIGHT smiling Russian girls line up for their picture after arriving in London from Leningrad. They are members of a 200-strong Red Army party now in Britain to perform regional dances and sing songs from all parts of Russia for an eight-week season. (Express)



ITALY'S well-stacked Gina Lollobrigida (left) seen with Britain's Sir Laurence Olivier at the London premiere of her new film, "Trapeze." She plays opposite America's Burt Lancaster, and Tony Curtis is also in the film. The two play circus high-wire artists in love with Gina. She speaks English in the picture. (Express)



GOING my way, baby? Gallant chap with the upraised straw hat is actor Tyrone Power. Object of his attentions is Peggy Cummins. They are two of the stars of a London charity show being put on this month. (Express)



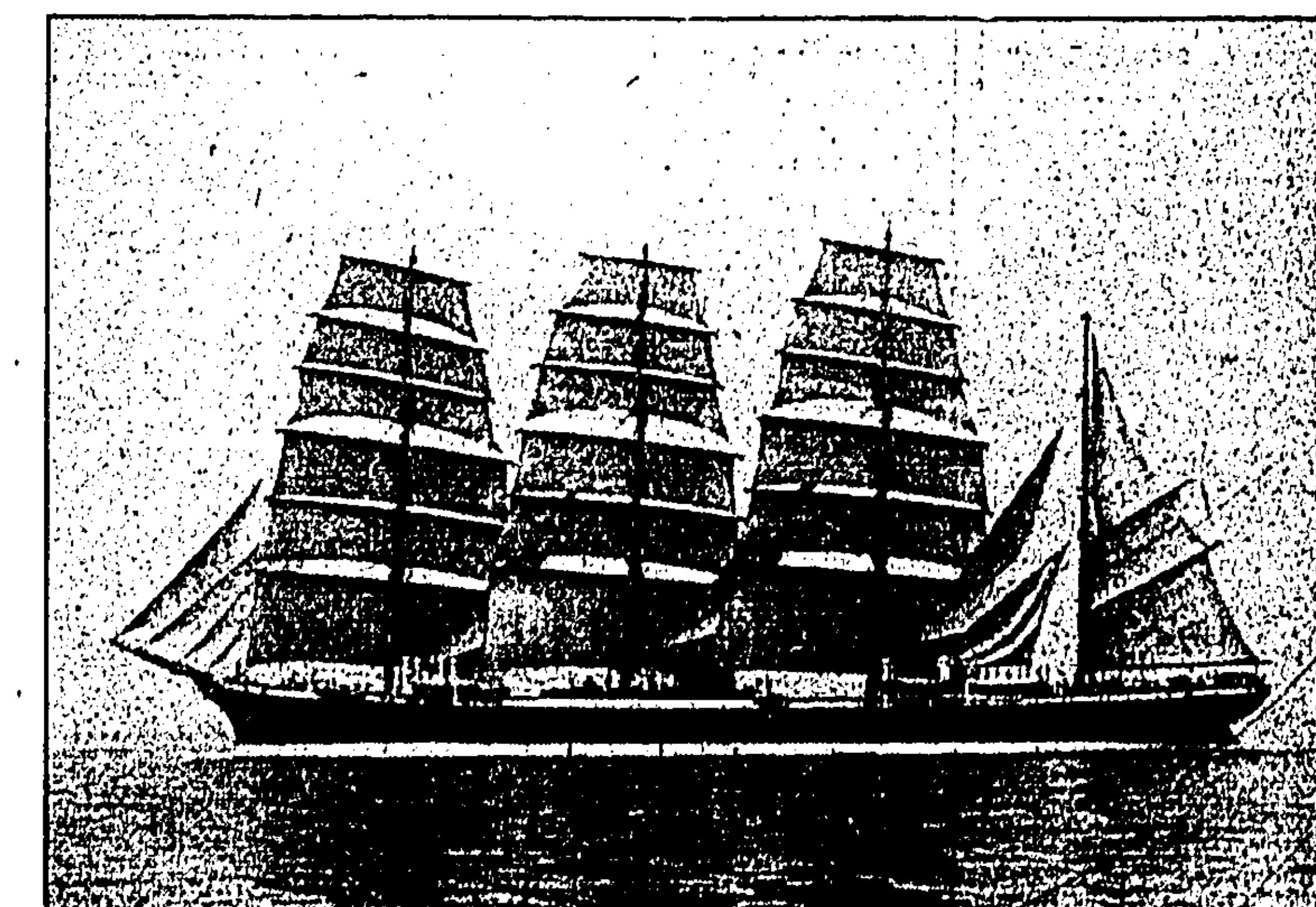
SIR Winston Churchill concentrates mightily as he prepares to throw a dart at a tele given by the West Sussex Conservative Club in aid of Sir Winston's constituency of Woodford. The dart missed, as did the other two he is holding in his hand. However, earlier in the day his horse, Le Pretendant, won the Churchill Stakes at Ascot. (Express)



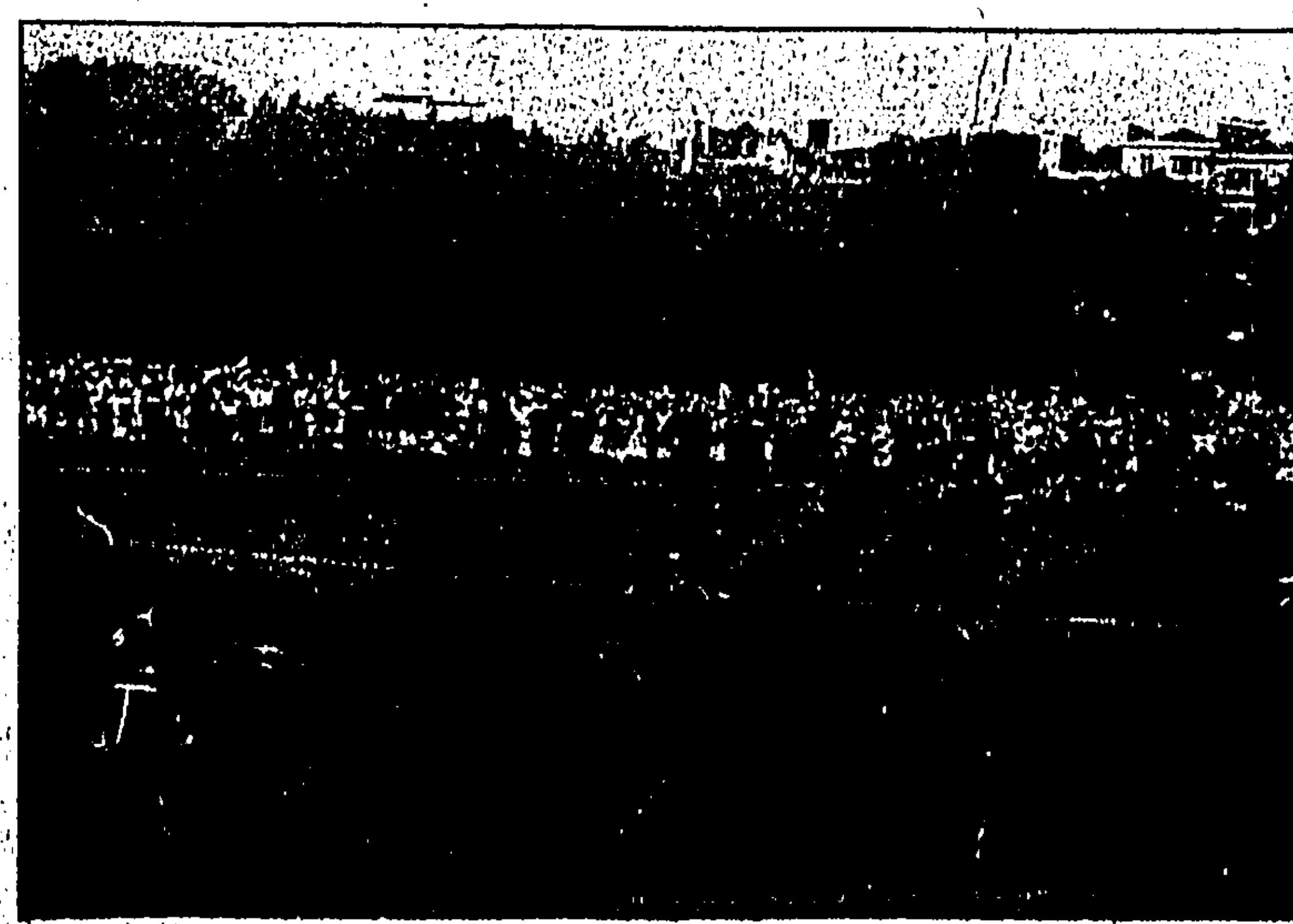
GENERAL Alfred M. Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, inspecting a guard of honour of cadets at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst (left), on the occasion of his visit for the opening of the Western European military cadets' ninth annual athletic meeting. General Gruenther is to be succeeded at the end of this year as Supreme Allied Commander by General Lauris Norstad. (Army News)



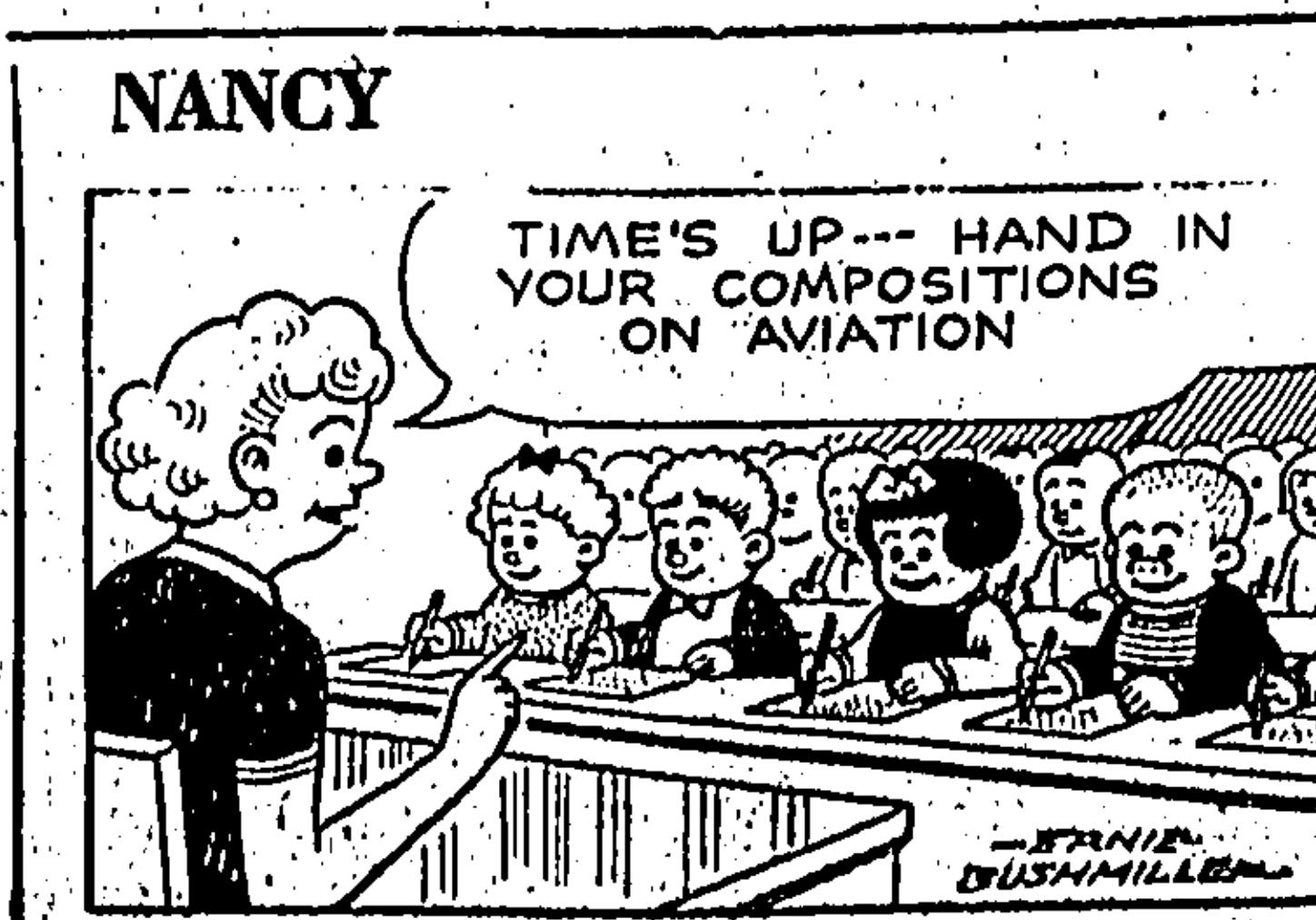
BELOW: The VC who was late for the biggest parade of all. It was the Tuesday of the Queen's parade celebrating the centenary of the Empire's highest award for valour. The latecomer in the cloth cap, escorted by a Guardsman, hastens to his place in the line-up in Hyde Park. If you've ever been late on parade, you can imagine how he felt in this never before, perhaps never again, assembly of heroes. (Express)



THE Pamir, one of the entrants in this month's sailing race between Torbay, in England, and Lisbon, Portugal. The Pamir is one of the few remaining ships of its type in the world. (Express)

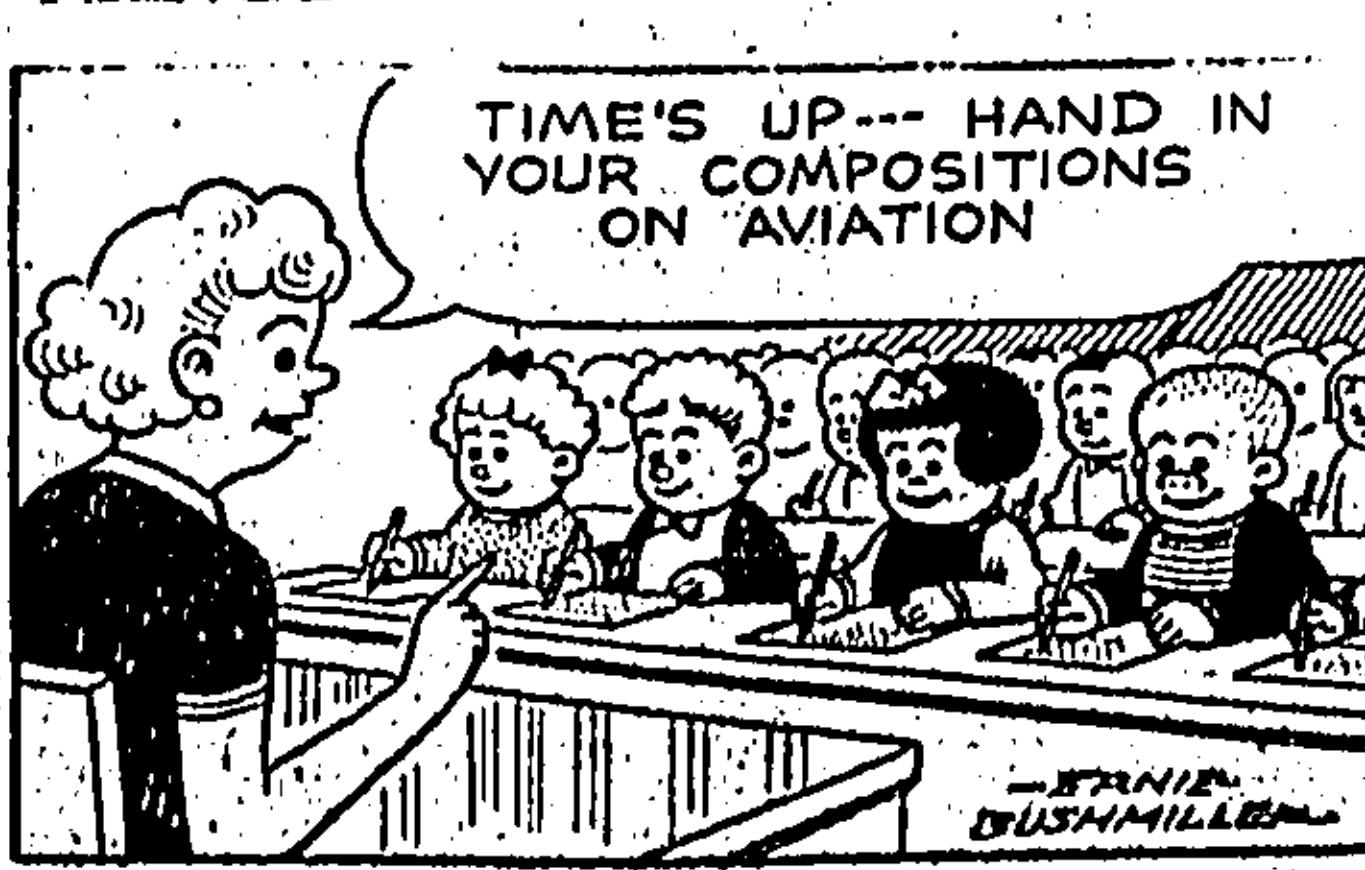


A police guard was provided for Mrs Rita Comer, wife of bookie Jack Comer ("Jack Spot") after he was arrested in London accused of wounding another gangster in Mayfair. She was said to have received threatening letters. Mrs Comer returning home from the police court hearing with her guard. (Express)



NANCY

TIME'S UP---HAND IN
YOUR COMPOSITIONS
ON AVIATION



By Ernie Bushmiller





One of the world's strangest stories the truth about Annie ("Get Your Gun") Oakley, who never missed a shot and had the crowned heads of Europe worshipping at her feet . . . an amazing girl

ONE grey November day Kaiser Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany, stood resplendent in his uniform a few paces away from his retinue of staff officers inside a high-walled garden. Slowly he lit a cigarette in a stubby holder and then stood quite still with his hands behind his back.

Twenty-five yards away to his right a slip of a girl was aligning the sights of her rifle. Nobody even dared to breathe. Then a rifle shot shattered the awed silence, and the cigarette was halved — a shaggy stub in the holder and the lighted end spinning away into the distance. The Kaiser smiled and pocketed his ornate holder, to become a treasured memento.

A little more than 25 years later, in 1917, the girl who pulled that trigger sat down and wrote a letter to Wilhelm II saying how sorry she was that she had been so accurate — and could she have another shot, just one more?

Early Days

THE Kaiser read the note, but this time he did not smile. He knew — like millions of others — that Annie Oakley never missed.

The uncanny marksmanship of Annie Oakley, or "Little Sure Shot," is likely never to be equalled or even challenged by man or woman.

LITTLE SURE SHOT

By C. D. T. Baker-Carr

Today her name is revered by all who love the blue of steel barrels, the "feel" of a well-balanced weapon, the smell of burnt powder.

Annie Oakley was born Anna Moses on August 13, 1860, in a tiny farmhouse in Darke County, Ohio. When she was four her father died from exposure in a December blizzard. Annie's earliest days were hard; the family were poor, frugal, strait-laced.

At the age of six she brought in her first kill, a brace of quail she had snared with bent wire. From then on she spent most of her days filling the family larder, and at 11 she yielded to temptation and took down from above the fireplace her father's ancient cap-and-ball rifle.

Annie Moze, as she preferred to call herself, found that she was a natural with a firearm. Her bag of game increased so much that after a very short time she was taking the surplus to market in nearby Greenville,

eight miles from Cincinnati. By the time she was 15 little Annie had shot off the mortgage on their farmstead. In addition she had bought herself a new rifle and a new shotgun. Already her marksmanship was exciting comment.

A Challenge

ON a rare visit to a Cincinnati shooting-stall this undersized little girl flattened a complete row of fast moving metal ducks. The manager knew a good shot when he saw one. Together they went up to the Bevis Hotel where a professional marksman, Frank E. Butler, was staying. It was Butler's practice to challenge anyone to outshoot him wherever he gave a show. Annie accepted the challenge.

Butler was astonished. Could this girl really dare to wager \$50 dollars of her own money, as well as 100 from her sponsor of America?

He called "Pull" and a clay target soared upwards. Frank Butler fired and the referee cried "Dead." One after the other the targets disintegrated in the air as Butler and Annie fired alternately. With the score at 24 they were still level. Butler fired for the last time—and missed. Annie paused, shouted "Pull," fired and won the match.

A year later Annie Oakley (she took the name from a Cincinnati suburb) became Mrs Frank E. Butler. She was just 17, short, dark-haired and pretty. She could neither read nor write.

From then she became part of Frank Butler's shooting act, holding his targets and generally assisting him. But in time it was Annie Oakley the crowds came to see, often not noticing a tall smiling man in the background—her husband, the ex-champion.

Buffalo Bill

IT was in April, 1885, that Mr and Mrs Butler took the road to Louisville where Buffalo Bill was due to give one of his famed Wild West Shows. Beside the empty tents of the Indians and the silent showground they set up the gun table and began to practise. Frank threw two rapid shots in the air, two rapid shots followed and the balls had gone.

He had a clay target in his hand while Annie, 25 yards away, held a rifle over her shoulder, taking aim in the polished blade of a knife. A crack and the disc turned to powder. After a few moments' rest, Butler stepped from behind his hidden vantage point. Reassured that she could perform, her feet on horseback as well, he hired her on the spot. The show was due to begin in less than three hours.

Before very long Annie Oakley had become the star performer of the Wild West

show, the main draw and the most convincing artist of them all.

Annie's new life followed a definite pattern of one-day shows, living in tents among Red Indians, Mexicans and long, lanky cowboys. Now she found time to catch up on her education. The Bible, especially the New Testament, became her favourite reading matter.

A few months later that old warrior brave, Chief Sitting Bull, joined Buffalo Bill's outfit.

In a silence punctuated by

series of unintelligible grunts he watched Annie gallop across the arena, snatch a revolver

from the ground and hit each of

three targets swinging on the

end of a rope held by another

flyng rider.

Annie Oakley returned to her

target to find Sitting Bull waiting patiently, repeating the words "Wantanyeta Cicilia" over to himself in wonderment.

It meant "Little Sure Shot."

Only a few days later Sitting

Bull adopted her as his daughter.

She was the only white woman

in that huge cosmopolitan show.

To London

FAME was hers. Soon she was playing to audiences in New York and Mark Twain was so impressed by her astonishing accuracy that he went the next night as well. It was Twain who suggested that Buffalo Bill should take the Wild West to London and April, 1887, saw cowboys and Indians pitching their tents in Earls Court.

Long before the show opened distinguished visitors began to call. Prime Minister Gladstone talked with Buffalo Bill, while Mrs Gladstone chatted to Annie Oakley.

Another caller was the fun-loving Prince of Wales, later to become Edward VII. On May 6 he arrived with Princess Alexandra and their children for an impromptu Command Performance. When it was over and the children's eyes had stopped popping out of their Royal heads, the star performers were presented.

When it was Annie's turn she stepped past the Prince of Wales' outstretched hand and, with a dazzling smile, shook hands with Princess Alexandra.

To the girl from the New World old-world courtesy still applied. "Ladies First!" London was shocked but the Prince was delighted.

Just three days after the show

opened to the public on May 9

a message arrived from Queen Victoria herself commanding a special performance. The Queen



arrived with all her Jubilee guests—including royalty from Denmark, Belgium, Saxony, Greece, Austria, Germany and Russia—and once more the Prince of Wales was among his new-found friends from the Wild West.

Indeed, Prince Edward rode in the "Deadwood Stage" with four of the visiting kings and said to card-playing Buffalo Bill: "Colonel, you never held four kings like this before."

Cody quipped: "I've held four

kings, but four kings and the

Prince of Wales make a Royal

Flush—and that is unpreced-

ted!"

Alone in her Royal box the Queen of England watched with gemmed eyes. At the presentation afterwards she said to Annie Oakley: "You are a very clever little girl." At the age of 27 Annie still looked a tender teenager.

From England the show moved

to Europe and the tour was a

personal triumph for Annie

Oakley; 1893 saw her back in

America performing at the

World's Fair. There her act con-

sisted of shooting from horse-

back, bicycle and on foot. She

fired two rifles at once and still

never missed. While six glass

balls soared upwards she turned

a cartwheel, grabbed a repeating

rifle and shattered them all

before they fell. She shattered

100 clay pigeons in six minutes

32 seconds.

Disaster

THEN came disaster. Travelling from Charlotte, North Carolina, to Danville, Virginia, the show train crashed head on into a goods train near Lexington. Only two horses survived, though no humans were killed. Annie Oakley's hair turned white with shock—in just 17 hours—as Frank Butler sat at her bedside.

She spent months in hospital

recovering from internal injuries

which temporarily paralysed one

side of her body. When she left

the hospital a steel brace encrusted her right leg. Passing a gun club near her home, she couldn't resist going inside. Slowly she put down her walking stick and took up a shotgun. The attendant smiled, almost in sorrow, then pulled the trap. The clay pigeon disintegrated. Annie could still shoot.

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ROLEX have produced a new watch for sea-going activities called the Submariner. Particularly designed for deep-sea divers, this special Oyster wristwatch is guaranteed waterproof and pressureproof to 660 ft. (200 metres) under water. Incorporated in the Submariner is the revolutionary "Time-Recorder" revolving rim, which enables the watch to be used as a stop-watch. It is invaluable for navigation, speed testing etc., and indispensable to divers, who can now tell at a glance how long they have been under water and how long they may safely stay there.



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THE IMPROBABLE MARRIAGE.....

Begin it today... the story in detail

HOW THE Highbrow DRAMATIST WOOG AND WON THE WORLD'S MOST DESIRABLE GIRL....

THIS series cabled from New York by

CHRISTOPHER DOBSON

1951 when he was already an established playwright with "Death of a Salesman," a roaring success, and she was a starlet making her first real impact on Hollywood in the film "Asphalt Jungle."

Well, they met and there was no spark. They went their ways.

They chatted about the film for a few moments then he moved on, just another V.I.P. visiting a film set.

And that was Marilyn Monroe's first meeting with Arthur Miller. It was in

Miller returned to his wife and two children, his intellectual friends in New York and the intensity of his work.

Marilyn rushed headlong to fame and riches and marriage to Joe DiMaggio, the Denis Compton of baseball.

This was her second marriage, the first being a dismal affair before she was 16.

With DiMaggio it was different. She was 27, eagerly preening her new found fame. Joe had lived with fame for a long time. But that marriage failed too.

They had nothing to say to one another -- he is a

silent man. They spent their evenings staring at television.

Marilyn divorced DiMaggio and divorced Hollywood at the same time. She decided she wanted to be an actress, that she wanted to acquire some "culture."

She came north to New York in this quest of culture. She was introduced to a life of comfort and talk, wonderful talk about ideas and words and plays and politics.

COURTING

HERE she was allowed to use her brain and be treated like an intelligent being, not as just a bosomy beauty with a wiggle in her walk. She was a little lost at first. Some of the words were long and she had never heard of some of the people her new friends seemed to regard so highly. But she learned.

She met people who fascinated her and were fascinated by her. There was Eli Kazan, the director, Lee Strasberg, director of the actors' studio, and there was Miller himself.

No one now seems quite sure where and when their second meeting took place.

One thing is certain. The meeting seemed as unimportant as their first.

Gradually they began to see more and more of each other.

The unlikely attraction of these complete opposites



THE GIRL SHE WAS

Marilyn at 18

THE WOMAN SHE IS

'Just a shy exhibitionist'

Marilyn made a string of dental visits. In April she told me "Reports that Arthur Miller and I have any intention to marry are untrue and ridiculous."

But it was true, nevertheless. Early in June Miller hurried down to Reno and obtained a "quicke



He charged his wife with "extreme cruelty." Under the divorce settlement Mrs Miller gets their town house, an old-fashioned brownstone on Brooklyn Heights, overlooking New York Harbour, and she is given the custody of their two children, Jane, 11, and Robert Arthur, 9.

The stage was set.

HONEYMOON

IT finally broke on June 21 when Miller was appearing before the Un-American Activities Committee which was delving into his political past in Washington. Yes, he told reporters, we will be married before July 13.

That is the day Marilyn sets out for England to make "The Sleeping Prince" with Sir Laurence Olivier.

He hopes to get a passport held up because of his political activities — and travel to England on honeymoon.

So Marilyn Monroe, the wife who has grown to be England's queen of sex, is setting out on the third stage of her marital career.

The first stage could be labelled security, the second fame, and the third? Will it be labelled culture? Or Love?

(COPRIGHT)

ON MONDAY: THE MAN HIMSELF



THE DRAMATIST

WHAT ARTHUR MILLER'S PLAYS SAY...

By JOHN BARBER

"WILLY was a salesman. And for a salesman there is no rock bottom to life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law, or give you medicine."

"He's a man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine. And when they start not smiling back -- you're finished."

That speech is from "Death of a Salesman." It is the play I think of first when I think of Arthur Miller. I think of poor Willy Loman, the salesman who at 80 knows he is finished.

And I think I am right that play is central to his work.

It was an astonishing bit during its two-year New York run (in London, with Paul Muni, it had only 204 performances). An astounding bit, because it questioned the American dream.

It told of a man who suddenly felt old and tired and disappointed, who suddenly could not go on slapping backs and cracking cracks.

Problems

NOT because he hadn't unloaded all the merchandise he said he had. But because he had suddenly found out that selling merchandise wasn't the whole of life.

He had failed his boss, yes. But also his sons. Also, his wife. Also, himself.

Now it takes courage in America to say money doesn't matter so much. The kind of courage that sent Miller into factory work when the play was earning him £1,250 a week -- so as to keep in touch with ordinary people.

Willy is a typical Miller hero. He is Mr Suburb trapped in a modern problem. All Miller's heroes are like that. They are not just individuals with private problems.

They have political and social problems that millions share. The question his plays ask is: How are we to live?

"Time is money," he says. "There is a world to make, a civilization to create." And he writes to expose wrongs which dishonour that world.

Sincerity

SO, you can see that Marilyn has taken on quite a guy. He writes against anti-Semitism in his novel "Focus." He writes against McCarthyism in his play "The Crucible" -- part at London's Royal Court Theatre.

He writes of the persecution of homosexuals in "A View From the Bridge," his latest play, in which a man accuses another (falsely) of perversion. The Lord Chamberlain has refused to license it for performance in Britain.

In all the causes he takes up, Miller is tremendously sincere, and in the theatre one of the most thrilling writers alive.

He is one of the finest theatrical craftsmen alive. You catch your seat every time, and you thank Heaven (at least, I do) for his seriousness. In modern jargon, he is an "engaged" writer. I would say: he takes on the big issues. He may not always win, but you get a toe-to-toe battle.

LIFE WITH ALLEN

"ABOUT time you won that seventy-five thousand pounds," said Molly, a little snappishly.

I looked up from filling in my football pools coupon, my expression one of quiet dignity.

"It's just a question of the selected teams playing to form...."

"Save the speech for the Black Lion," said my wife, tartly. "Your friends may be impressed by your knowledge of form -- I'm not. So far, it's cost you seven-and-six a week for the last three seasons, and you've won one dividend of half-a-crown."

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HOUSEWIFE'S CHOICE

—By Gerald Allen

were always stationed in queer places."

I looked at the list again.

"May I ask what womanly intuition suggested Crystal Palace?"

"I remember it being burned down," she answered simply, adding hastily, "I was a baby in arms at the time."

"You must have been a very heavy and backward baby. You were ten years old, at least." I was becoming a bit sour. "And what beautiful memory made you select Torquay?"

Too late, I realised I'd put both feet right into it.

"Just that we've got our honey-moon there." My dear wife's tone was frigid in the extreme, as she snatched back her ten selections. "I don't expect you to remember trifles like that, of course."

"We're having fish tomorrow. And I picked what's their name -- Sennarpe, because I don't really believe there is such a place."

"That makes all the difference, of course," I said ironically. "As a matter of fact, I was stationed near there during the war."

"That's what I mean," Molly chuckled triumphantly. "You

the Saturday evening paper. All ten of Molly's selections had won away from home. Even allowing for beginner's luck, the thing was staggering.

Pausing only to give myself first aid for shock from the bottle of whisky in the sideboard, I staggered out to the kitchen, where Molly was washing up.

"I suppose you remembered to post your pools coupon?" I croaked, with a weak smile.

"Oh, I didn't actually send it in," said Molly brightly. "I just wanted to see how many I could get right. It was just a practice attempt, really. Why? Did I do well?"

"Here's the paper," I said hoarsely. "Check the coupon for yourself."

"I can't do that," Molly waved the paper away. "I don't really understand these things."

"My attitude of amused resignation lasted for two days, to be rudely shattered by a perusal of

"I can't do that" Molly waved the paper away. "I don't really understand these things."

"I haven't told Molly how near she was to winning a fortune. I need all the money for myself."

(COPRIGHT)

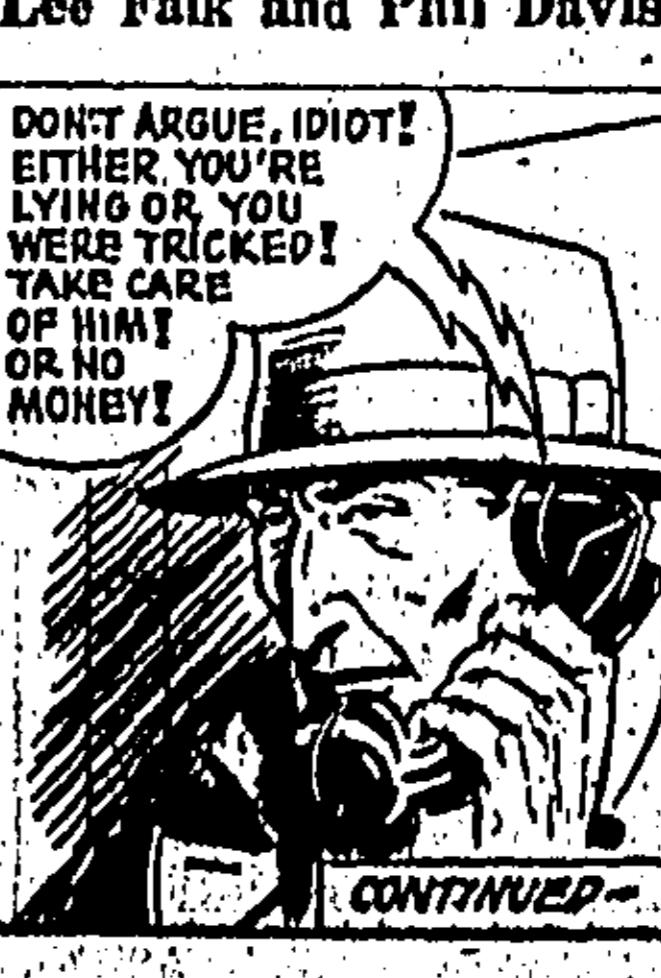
By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



Admiral
AIR CONDITIONERS
AND REFRIGERATORS

TALK ABOUT MAGIC!
Have you seen



CONTINUED



IT'S A WOMAN

WHO KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS AT LORD'S

By ROMANY BAIN

IF you want to know anything about the history of cricket," said the museum attendant, "you'll have to ask the Curator. That's her office over there."

I tried not to look surprised, for "over there" was the H.Q. of the Marylebone Cricket Club, the pavilion at Lord's one of the men's most exclusive sporting clubs in the world, where enthusiasts patiently wait 30 years to become members.

Potted history

But there was Miss Diana Ruit Kerr in that hole of holes, the Long Room, giving a potted history of the game to 13 Scotsmen. Neatly ruffled in milk chocolate maygushel, she looked

small and improbable standing beneath the famous oil of Dr Grace.

But when she started to speak Mr. Wren himself would have admired her delivery. She gave detailed description and date of each pitch-shaking event in the chronicle of bat and ball, confidently disposing of the curved bat, the two stump period, and the Hambledon men in a brisk couple of overs.

"It took 30 years for them to accept over-arm bowling," she said, twirling her keys. "The diehards said it would be death to the game, but by 1804 they had accepted it. Like automen," she added.

Miss Ruit Kerr did not know the difference between long leg and short slip until her father became the secretary of the MCC in 1934. During the war (when she drove an ambulance) various book collections were left to the club, and there was no one to look after them. "The library and I both happened by chance. The books were all lying about in the Pavilion, so my father asked me to come on a temporary basis for six months to see what was what."

There are now about 5,000 books in the reference library and even the novels must have a flavour of the wicket about them. They are perused by club members, students, and research workers, "but it's not usually the players who read the books; it's the cricket followers, and those who have never been very good at the game," says the librarian. I felt she had probably read them all herself.

Expert knowledge

She has been accepted into this male stronghold because of her expert knowledge, and her sex has been overlooked. But there is no need for the MCC to adopt an anti-feminist attitude, for some of the best ideas originated from us in the first place.

It was a Miss Christina Willes who, unable to bowl underarm in her crinoline, first inspired her brother John to copy her and try round-arm bowling on the field. "He was promptly no-balled, and was so furious he jumped on to his horse in the outfield and rode straight home," said Miss Ruit Kerr delightedly.

The Ashes themselves, gloried in solomn splendour in the Imperial Cricket Museum opposite the Pavilion, are another tribute to woman's ingenuity. They started off as a personal feminine joke played by some merry Melbourne belles in 1892. After the famous obituary notice had appeared in the Sporting Times for the death of English cricket, they presented the English captain on his next visit to Australia with an incinerated ball in minuted urn. (The ringleader of these damsels afterwards married the captain, Ivo Bligh, later Lord Darnley, and when widowed many years later presented the urn to Lord's.)

Eighteen hundred million members of the human species are underfed, and in Asia alone between 100 million and 150 million families are living in urban or rural slums. Slum clearance requires vast capital expenditures; but, as we have seen, there is no capital and the population of Asia is increasing by about 20 million a year. We can look forward, during the next half-century at least, to deepening misery, and the social and political consequences of deepening misery.

If this misery is to be lessened and some at least of its most dangerous consequences avoided, the present efforts to increase agricultural and industrial production must be accompanied by a concerted effort to reduce the rate of population increase. Among the Brave New World's population was regulated by the central authority, and the practice of birth control by individuals had been turned into a quasi-instinctive behaviour pattern.

Population Policies

EUGENICS and complete control of population can be imposed only on a domesticated species by its domesticators. But man, as Sir Charles Darwen likes to point out, is a wild species and will tend, during the next million years, to behave as a wild species, living up to the limit of his food supply and having his numbers controlled by the good old rule, the simple plan devised by Mother Nature.

Meanwhile, how easy is it going to be to industrialise the under-developed areas of our planet? No retrospective answer was given in "Brave New World," and from where we stand at present the prospects seem confusing and dark.

Historical Accident

THE Industrialisation of the West was the result, among other things, of historical accident, which can never, in the nature of things, be repeated. The exploitation of virgin lands in the Americas and Australasia provided enormous quantities of cheap food for Europe, which was thus enabled to take millions of peasants off the land and put them into factories, where they could produce, among other things, the machines and chemicals which permitted a further increase of food production both at home and abroad.

Millions of African and Asiatic peasants can be herded into factories—but only if their place on the land is taken by machines. But the days of empty spaces and enormous food surpluses are over. How will the ex-peasants be fed during the not inconsiderable time required for building the new factories and producing the machines which will eventually take the place of these ex-peasants on the land? And who is going to provide the necessary capital? Capital is what is left over after primary needs are

met.

Next Saturday: The Coming Revolution of Human Nature.

BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED

By Aldous Huxley

In 1932 Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" was the literary sensation of its day. In this, the first of three articles, Mr Huxley examines world population problems in the light of his earlier prophetic fantasy.

BRAVE NEW WORLD" was a fantasy, but a fantasy about the future and therefore, by implication, a prophecy. How good was the prophecy? Twenty-five years later, the question begins to admit of an answer.

I will start with those aspects of what was then the future, about which the book was silent. The most conspicuous absence from "Brave New World" is any reference to A-bombs, H-bombs or nuclear power plants. It is an absence all the more inexcusable since the Bomb was already, in the early thirties, a subject of drawing-room conversation. At some distant date (so the popularisers of Einstein assured us), matter would be converted into energy. After which we might take our choice of three possibilities—the end of everything, or the Millennium, or, more prosaically, business as usual, only a little more so. For reasons which I now find it impossible to explain, I failed to provide my Utopia with atomic power.

Uninvited Guests

THE other great absence is any discussion of a less spectacular but actually much more important subject—population. I had some inkling in 1931 that a problem of population was in the making. Twenty-five years later, with 600 more millions of human beings already pressing upon the world's resources and another hundred and odd thousand uninvited guests sitting down, every single morning, to breakfast, it has manifestly become the problem. Compared with the menace of this explosive increase of population, all the other threats confronting us shrink into insignificance.

In "Brave New World" I postulated the existence of a society which had, in its own way, permanently solved the population problem. An optimal figure for world population had



A recent picture of the author.

been determined, and the supply of test-tube replacements was regulated so as to prevent any but the slightest departures from the norm. Such an optimal, stable population is a prime condition of any Utopia. For, where population is rapidly increasing, long-range planning is impossible. So far as we are concerned, a permanently favourable relationship between a stabilised population and carefully conserved resources is merely a dream, a pious hope, a far-away goal to be aimed at without much hope of getting there before it is too late.

By assuming that the goal had already been reached, I conveniently bypassed what promised to be the most congested and dangerous stretch in human history; I got out of the difficulties that confront us today and will confront our descendants for many years to come.

Planned Utopia

BY way of excuse, I can claim that I was not making a reasoned forecast of predictable trends; I was writing a fable about a totally planned Utopia and the means whereby it might be maintained as a going solution. This fable, as I hope, to show later on, is not alto-

gether irrelevant. It speaks of our condition and of what is likely to be the condition of our descendants. But it failed to deal with certain aspects of contemporary life, which threaten to force themselves more and more painfully on the collective attention of mankind.

The Under-Nourished

IF I remember rightly, the numbers of the Brave New Worlders were held

at a figure somewhere be-

tween 2,000 million and 3,000

million. According to the

most recent figures issued by

the United Nations Statistical Office, world population stands today at 2,735

million. In the light of

what is known to have hap-

pened to world population

between 1950 and 1954 pre-

vious estimates of the rate

of increase had to be re-

vised upwards from 1.25

percent to 1.5 percent per

annum. This means that

human numbers are now in-

creasing by a little over 40

million a year.

If the rate remains con-

stant, this increase will it-

self increase according to

the rules of compound in-

terest. And if steps are

taken to reduce the current

mortality from contagious

and insect-borne diseases,

the annual rate of increase

will exceed 1.5 percent and

human numbers will be

doubled, not in fifty-five

years, but in less than half

a century.

Two-thirds of all men,

women and children now

alive are under-nourished. If

their increasing numbers are to be maintained even at their present level of semi-starvation, there must be an increase of the world's production of food of 1.5 percent per annum. And if there is to be any perceptible improvement in the lot of the majority, there must be an annual increase of not less than 2.5 percent preferably of 3 percent or 3.5 per cent. Except perhaps in those highly developed countries which need it least, there is no prospect of such an increase being achieved in the near future. Nor, if it were achieved, could it possibly be maintained, year in, year out, over a long period.

In Short Supply

INDUSTRIALISATION is the goal of all under-developed countries. Greater industrial production leads to greater food production. But we must not forget that the more completely the world industrialises, the sooner will its supplies of irreplaceable raw materials be exhausted. By the seventh century after Ford (the date of the events recorded in "Brave New World") the results of intensive and extensive industrialisation would certainly be making themselves felt. Petroleum and many metals would be in short supply, and much more labour than is now necessary would have to be spent on the task of providing power and raw material.

Meanwhile, how easy is it

going to be to industrialise

the under-developed areas of

our planet? No retrospective

answer was given in "Brave

New World," and from where

we stand at present the pros-

pects seem confusing and dark.

TODAY INSIDE HARWELL, H.Q. OF ATOMIC POWER



CHAPMAN PINCHER GOES BACK FOR A LOOK AFTER TEN YEARS

This is his report:

THIS once-sleepy village of Harwell on the Berkshire Downs will go down in history as the place where more creative ideas were generated in the last 10 years than anywhere else on earth.

NO EATING

I say this with confidence after seeing almost all the secrets of this vast atom station revealed in full for the first time since it started up in 1946.

The astonishing maze of uranium furnaces, "hot" laboratories, atom-smashing machines, and robot plants, which the scientists have set up behind the security fence, explains the Government's confidence in staking hundreds of millions of pounds on their ideas.

For everything these men have set out to do has been achieved. The Americans and Russians may have done as much, but with far more men working in far more laboratories with far greater resources.

BEPO

HARWELL will be seen as the source of all the major ideas which made Britain a front-rank atom Power and retained her industrial greatness.

In one long building, where men work in inflated "space suits," scientists devised the plant which provided atomic weapons.

Using the atom furnace called "Bepo," they designed the giant plant at Calder Hall, Cumberland, which will be the world's first full-scale atom power station.

In a new furnace called Zeus the scientists have found out how to "breed" atomic fuel. This is the nearest thing yet to perpetual motion; it means that the power stations of the future will create fuel as fast as they burn it.

Peering down into the temporarily beatless heart of Zeus, I learned that it contains about 600lb. of uranium 235—enough, used as explosive, to make 60 atom bombs.

But the safety precautions are so ingenious that, if Zeus generates more than a trickle of heat, robots immediately make it powerless.

In one small corrugated iron building men in special protective clothing and huge over-boots are using television cameras to examine the super-strong uranium which will be

The Harwell men believe they will be the first in the world to make this major step. In another still secret building met by Dr D. W. Fly are using a weird electrical machine, like a huge glass doughnut, to tap the limitless power of the H-bomb for homes and industry.

The rooms where the tractors Fuchs and Pontecorevo once worked are reminders that

Harwell has seen grim times, but those sour memories are swamped by the solid achievement.

Harwell, with a staff of 4,500 and bulging at the seams, has now reached the limit of its expansion. No more atomic furnaces will be built here.

Radioactivity of the air has reached the permissible limit and the difficulty of disposing

of any more radioactive waste is too great.

New atomic stations with names like Winfrith in Dorset and Deurneay in Scotland will be coming into the news.

But there is every sign here that progress in the next 10 years will be even more tremendous.

(COPRIGHT)

(A) A technician in protective overalls and shoe covers works with remote handling tools through a thick wall of lead.

(B) Beauty inside Harwell? Certainly—here's 19-year-old research worker Pita Keene.

(C) Here the danger is not so great, but care is needed, and no chances are taken. Working in a transparent glove box.

(D) In heavy rubber suits, craftsman work on radioactive material. Air is piped to their helmets from outside the sealed workshop. They will be hosed down thoroughly before they take off the suits. And they have frequent medical checks.

(COPRIGHT)

have to work for a living. It was New York which made it possible for me to do so. All the shopgirls and others with whom I walked were simply swell, when they might have made things difficult for me. And when you've lived in a city that long you learn to sort out your friends.—the fair-wrangler comes from the real ones."



CECILE AUBRY
Her warning saved the Pasha's son.

Unlikely

Now it seems unlikely that Brahim escaped one of the most barbaric massacres of modern times. This occurred on May 2 and 3 this year at Marrakesh, when 37 of the late Pasha's closest friends were slaughtered. Brahim left Marrakesh only a few days before the massacre.

First trip

LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN is in Paris on her first trip to Europe for seven years. She will be going to London to be re-united with her parents. At the moment she is acting as companion to an American business woman, who is on a European tour.

She looks almost matronly now and appears to be completely Americanised. She talks with an American accent, and her conversation is spattered with Americanisms.

"I am a complete New Yorker now," she told me, "and wouldn't live anywhere else. After all, it was New York which gave me my chance. When I realised that I would

Lady Iris is still something of a celebrity in New York. She told me that recently she quarreled with an Italian restaurant proprietor in New York because he refused to give her a detailed bill. Next day a New York newspaper headlined: "Salome Won't Pay For Her Polony."

A theatre

FINANCIAL Notes: Millionaire Carlos Bestigui has built himself a private theatre in the grounds of his country house near Paris. It is lavishly equipped and seats 200. Professional companies, including the Comedie Francaise, will be hired to perform there on their nights off.

(COPRIGHT)

The town of Salerno held a competition for a statue for the main square. The winner was Miss de Henriquez as she strides between the pedestals on which stand half-sculptured heads in platic hoods.

"Of course I agree with him—I loathe abstract art," says Miss de Henriquez as she strides between the pedestals on which stand half-sculptured heads in platic hoods.

Flore de Henriquez was born 35 years ago in Trieste. At the age of 17 she saw someone

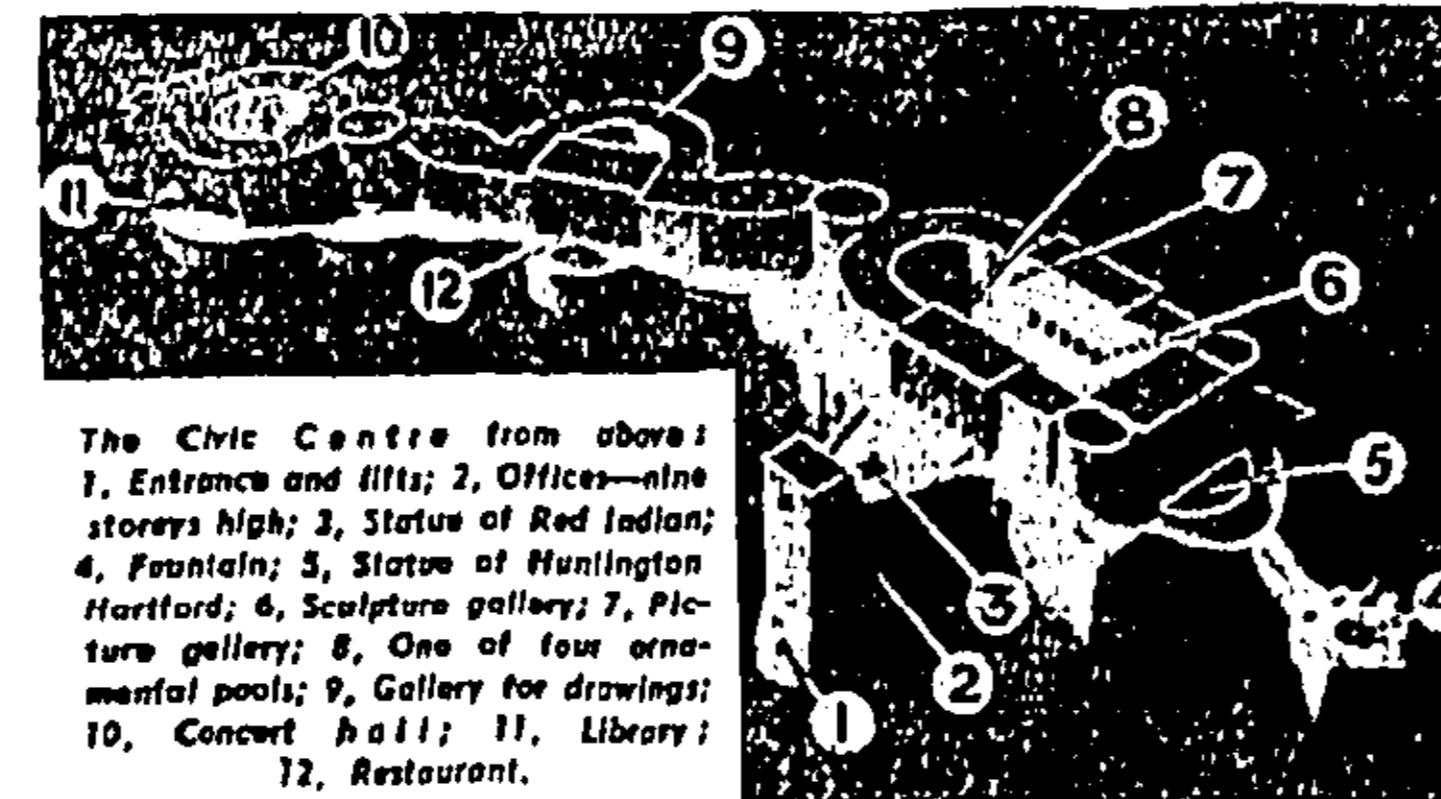
in a competition for a statue for the main square. The winner was Miss de Henriquez as she strides between the pedestals on which stand half-sculptured heads in platic hoods.

"And that," says Miss de Henriquez in the indignant kiom of her adopted country, "was the last straw."

(COPRIGHT)

Miss de HENRIQUEZ DESIGNS HER DREAM CITY

by
ANNA LANDAU



An American visitor to Britain walked one day into the Knightsbridge home of Miss Flore de Henriquez, an Italian sculptress, and gave her a commission that, she says, "made my knees tremble" in actors, artists, musicians and kept me awake for weeks."

The American was Mr Huntington Hartford, millionaire grandson of the founder of a chain of grocery stores. The commission was to design, in collaboration with an architect, a civic centre for Hollywood with a concert hall, library, and galleries for paintings and sculpture.

Miss de Henriquez and architect Claude Philimonoff have been working on the project for the last year and a half. Now their model has reached America for the patron's approval.

Mr Hartfod has also built a theatre in Hollywood. His wife is Marjorie Steel, the actress, whom London has seen in *Sabrina Fair*. He was previously married to Mary Elizabeth Eppling, now the wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

So far Miss de Henriquez has signed three contracts for each stage of the work, and made two trips to Hollywood ("where the churches look like butchers' shops, and the butchers' shops like churches") in order to see the setting—a 200-acre canyon in the heart of the film world.

With a voice that grips words as strongly as her hands do clay, with tight trousers and loose jerkin, black hair cropped to jagged arrows on her brow, Flore de Henriquez might well have been employed by Hollywood in a remake of *St Joan*.

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But a new battle is starting, and the glass-roofed civic centre,

once the property of John McCormack, the singer.

How much will she receive? It seems no fee has been decided yet. "We did not even discuss it. Mr Hartfod is a dreamer. I am also a dreamer."

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she was already well established in Italy! With her explanation, her anger subsides.

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(COPRIGHT)

JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Here is a woman who refuses to believe that a mother-to-be need look dowdy before her baby is born. This is how she looks...

One month to B-day

By EILEEN ASCROFT

HOW beautiful can a mother-to-be look before her baby is born? Well, have a look at the picture on the right. It was taken recently of Gillian Ardizzone, a 23-year-old mother-to-be who expects her baby IN ONE MONTH.

Gillian, who is a model and is married to publisher David Rowse, used to measure 35in.-22ins.-36in. And today? She says frankly: "I'm 50in. all over, but I don't mind. I've never felt better."

For beach and casual wear, Gillian chose a cunning two-piece, of washable rayon mixture, in green and red tartan. Drainpipe slacks and a loose-fitting sleeveless waistcoat

which she can wear over an undershirt or blouse or sweater.

See how slim and trim she looks in the picture. "The first drainpipe slacks I've seen for a mother-to-be," says Gillian. "Aren't they funny?"

She's all parties, dining out or even visits prenatal classes. Gillian wears a black taffeta skirt, with adjustable tie, topped with a beautiful lace blouse in a star-pink and silver brocade.

DEEP NECKLINE

It has a deep V-neckline and small, upstanding collar. This neck interest is important in all clothes for a mother-to-be.

For daytime wear Gillian chooses a slim black skirt and a crisp, loose cotton top. This is hip-length and very smart. It's the longer smocks have that dowdy look.

Large "coin" spots of black, spring green and blossom pink decorate the white ground and the boat-shaped neckline is finished with a white plaque collar.

Gillian loves her short-sleeved blouse in no-iron cotton because it is pretty and practical. "I can do all the housework in it and joy of joys, it needs no ironing." It fastens down the front and comes in blue, pink or navy, all with white spots. Also of no-iron cotton are her shortie nightshirts, with square necks and rows, with red spot designs. Her last dress is right for any formal occasion or can be dressed up with jewellery for a party. In black nylon pleated from a shoulder yoke, Gillian describes it as "the nicest maternity dress I've ever seen."

STILL GLAMOROUS

With its own petticoat and stiffened half-slip, it is also supplied with a gold belt so that it still looks good after the baby is born.

"I seem to have broken most of the rules for an expectant mother," says Gillian, "and I've never felt better in my life."

She flew to Capri, swam every day, danced till the early hours of the morning and enjoyed speedboat riding. She prefers orange juice to milk, keeps her usual diet and does all her own housework.

A good restaurant dress has three qualities: it must be well



For casual wear Gillian wears a tartan outfit with drainpipe slacks.

We even found her up a ladder cleaning her windows, and for evenings she still wears high-heeled slippers.

She plans a large family: "Dozens I hope, I love children."

But at the moment she is hoping for a son, whose name will be Sebastian Anthony Michael, Sam for short.

Right through her first pregnancy she has preserved

London Express Service.

How To Dress For Special Dining-out Occasions

By JILL CAREY

RESTAURANT

clothes are back in London—dresses designed simply for elegant dining-out, not for dancing. They have cropped up in all the important dress collections, almost always in black.

A good restaurant dress has

decorated in Edwardian style with faded green velvet upholstery, swags of bobble-headed chenille curtaining, and elaborate oil lamps.

The deer was designed by artist Loudon Sainhill, and his greatest triumph is the ceiling-lined in dark green velvet, studded with tiny torch-bulbs which, when lit, give the effect of a starlit sky.

La Popote is staffed by a team of ungracious young men who leap between the tables with the grace of ballet dancers, in checked cotton chef's trousers, minute striped butcher's aprons. They shout at the customers, and at each other, but the food is excellent, and many famous personalities dine there.

Smallest London diners-out are choosing from the new season's collections, little dresses with short back-buttoning boleros which they can wear in the afternoon too, nestling short dresses in silk sateen with picture-framed necklines to show off their jewellery; fitted tunie coats which they can wear out and about during the day, and washable dining-out dresses in heavy ribbed cotton, of the kind we've seen until now reserved for furnishing fabrics.

Many of these dresses are nothing more than elegant backgrounds for this year's hats, elaborate coiffures. In silk straw, or soap-plates of chiffon lined with overshot cabbage roses.

Fantasy hair ornaments, jewellery and frivolous accessories tie in with the gay carnival spirit of the French Riviera.

Princess Grace of Monaco has launched two definite trends of her own; one towards longer, smooth hair rolled under page boy style; the second a craze for oversized men's sunglasses bordered with a wide tortoise shell frame.

The opposite extreme of this latter style are the very narrow slant eyed Chinese spectacles being worn by many French women.

Simple But Effective

A simple but one hundred per cent effective hat we've seen lately was a large flat panama of white maribou feathers which the owner wore with a perfectly plain chemise-topped dress and a magnificent diamond clip. The hat, she told me, was stored in her wardrobe in a plastic bag, cleaned weekly with French chalk. It made all the other hats in the restaurant look over-fussy.

Back for first-nighting and very special dining-out occasions is the full dinner dress—a floor length sheath (the skirt just wide enough to allow you to hobble out of the taxi) in black, of course, with a soft-lined kimono fashion above the waistline.

Two successful dresses seen dining out lately were a short-skirted gown of chalky-white grosgrain, simply cut, accompanied by a stole of transparent ruched lingerie nylon, and a chemise dress with a bell-shaped cigarette pleated skirt, topped by another narrow skirt of chantilly lace.

Regulation dress at the coffee bars is a bright flared skirt, usually made from light-colored cotton, topped by a low-cut black sweater and plenty of jewellery. The boys favour a crew-style hair-cut, bright checked shirts and drainpipe trousers.

Serving at the bar will probably be a French or German student whose knowledge of English currency is limited. So guests find it safer to check the bill.

Bizarre Coffee Bars

London's restaurants stay open longer, have brighter decorations, serve better food. A favourite dining-out spot at the moment is La Popote, D'Argent,



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A strapless one-piece swimsuit of printed cotton by Jean Despres.—Agence France-Presse.

FRENCH DESIGNERS START NEW TREND BEACH FASHIONS GO GAY AND COLOURFUL

FRANCE, undisputed leader of creative dress-making, is making a strong bid against the competitive Italian market in beach and sportswear.

An exciting new source of inspiration has sprung up on the Côte d'Azur within the last year, led by a group of ten designers located in and around Nice. Operation costs are lower than Paris, and the climate and location is logical for turning out attractive sun and surf fashions.

PROVOCATIVE CHINESE DRESSES

Trends in summer casual clothes are as riotously gay and colourful as a country carnival. Theatrical costume effects worn with a flair and plenty of self assurance seem perfectly at home on the beach.

This season, inspiration is traced to many countries and eras, typified by exotic Moorish coats in Turkish towelling; split-skirted Chinese beach dresses provocatively worn over slim bathing suits; and turn-of-the-century boned "Baleine" and apron dresses laced up like a corset.

There is a host of abbreviated swim shorts and matching bra edged with lace; a V-necked pullover in solid-toned tricot, and striped sweater jacket with ribbed cotton, trimmed with white lace.

Genoese Fati goes all out in bathing suits. One-piece models covering up the midriff tend to replace the nude bikini type of swimwear. Waistlines are up in new bathing costumes as well as streetwear, with high Empire treatments slanted under the bustline. This idea is worked on fitted maillots with colour and fabric contrast on the bodice, removable brief boleros and

harnesses, or inset undercuts tied with drawstrings.

Necklines are built up, although many retain convertible treatments to facilitate even tan tanning.

High halter necks hug the throatline, or cuffed shoulder-up collars form little cap sleeves. Other variations are scooped necklines or deep squares with a modified sailor collar.

There is a strong revival of knitwear in bathing suits, noted especially in the old Gertrude Ederle type of maillot in bold stripes with high round neckline and mid-thigh length pant

socks. There are new "hop in" one-piece overall suits; puffy bloomers and romper playuits with matching removable skirts; cladding; Buccaneer and crazy pants in bright harlequin printed cottons.

If Grandmother's corsets prove an inspiration in beach dresses, copies of Grandfather's denim breeches from down on the farm appear in trousers, complete with fly front.

Stripes are a leading note, used in every conceivable manner. Genoese Fati likes striped English sailorboy blazies in flannel, worn with Bermuda shorts, and knee-length cable-knit socks.

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Feathers, fruit and flowers are the themes in jewellery and hair ornaments; trimming combs or toppling spangles, chopsticks to be speared through the chignons that are so much in evidence with the trend towards longer "convertible" length hair.

Jacques Hémi goes to darkest Africa in his amusing boudoir collection, with curious tribal jewellery.

There are called "neck stretching" collars and matching bracelets to be worn on the upper arm; dangling wooden charms on ankle bracelets; and rings on the fingers and toes, tinkling with numerous tiny bells.

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decorated in Edwardian style with faded green velvet upholstery, swags of bobble-headed chenille curtaining, and elaborate oil lamps.

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At the Cat's Whisker, tucked away behind Piccadilly Circus, you can listen to amateur musicians while you sit. At another coffee-bar you can hear budding poets declaiming their own work. Or at Heaven and Hell, a newly-opened coffee-bar in Soho, you can, depending on your current mood, sit upstairs in Heaven with its sugary decor of blue-birds and angels, or stumble your way downstairs to the Other Place—a cellar painted black entirely—tables, chairs, ceiling and floor, with only too realistic red flames on the walls the whole lit by very dim shoulder masks.

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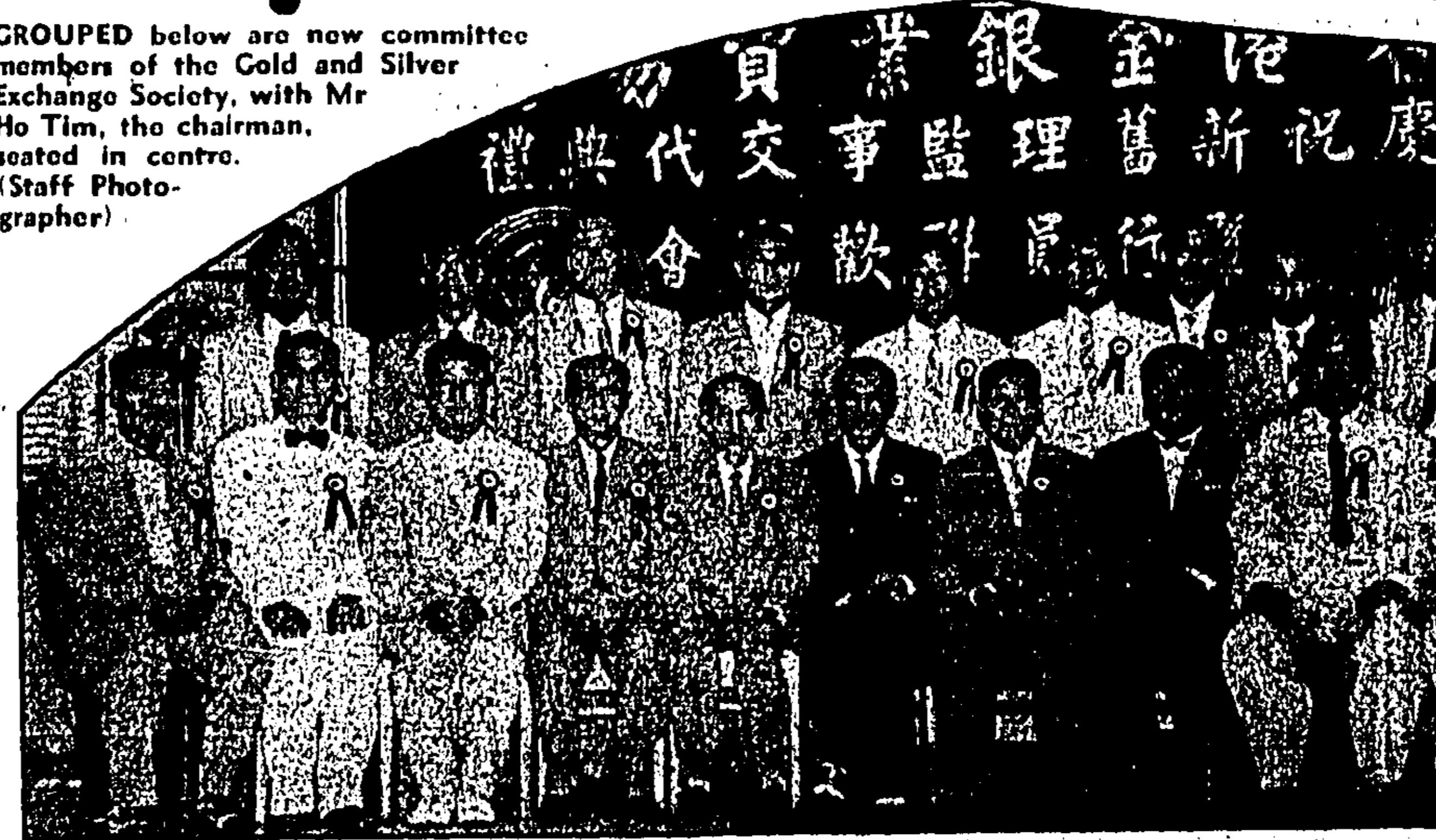
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TWO pictures of local observances of Dominion Day by Canadians resident in Hongkong. Top picture shows Mr Roy G. Dunlop, President of the Canadian Club, paying respects to the war dead at the memorial service held at the Saiwan Military Cemetery. Bottom picture was taken at the cocktail party given at the Hongkong Club by the Canadian Government Trade Commissioner, Mr C. M. Forsyth-Smith (left). With him are HE the Officer Administering the Government, Mr E. B. David, and Mrs Forsyth-Smith. (Staff Photographer)



PROF. Gordon King (right) talking with Mr and Mrs Henry Ching at the farewell party given for him by the Family Planning Association, of which he was President. He is taking up a new post in Australia. (Staff Photographer)



GROUPED below are now committee members of the Gold and Silver Exchange Society, with Mr Ho Tim, the chairman, seated in centre. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chou, knighted in the Queen's Birthday Honours, congratulated by Mr Tsang Wah-tsun at the dinner given to him by the St Stephen's College Old Boys' Association. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken in San Francisco on June 23 on the occasion of Miss Ina Osmund's 21st birthday party. Miss Osmund is seated in middle row fifth from right, surrounded by friends many of whom were formerly of Hongkong. (Vince Tavares)



WEDDING of Mr John Allan Auchincloss and Miss June Mary Martin at the Union Church, Kennedy Road. Bride and groom with their friends after the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr and Mrs P. N. Beedle celebrated their silver wedding recently with a party for their friends. They are seen cutting their silver wedding cake. (Mainland)

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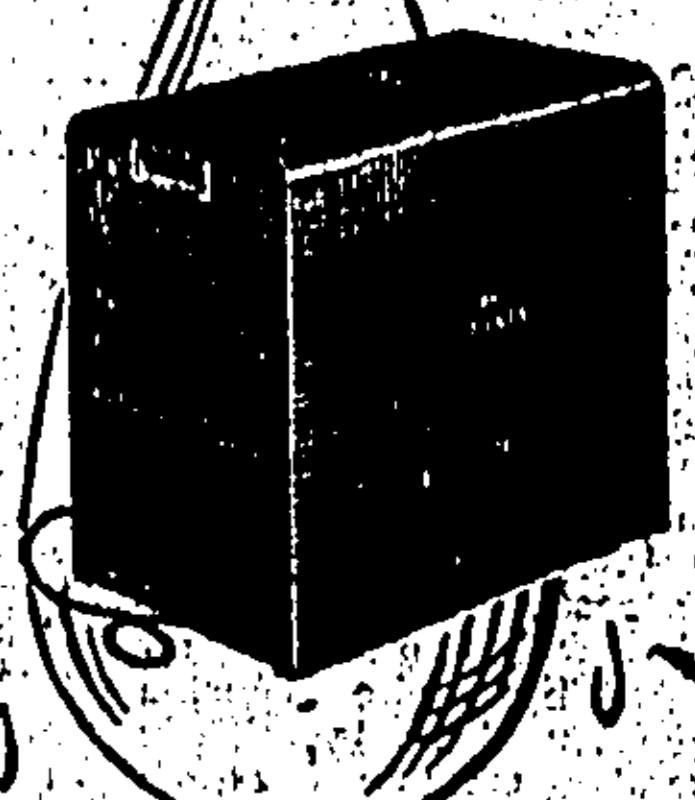
RIGHT: Group picture taken when Miss Libby Tin wed Dr Poh Eng-teck at the Registry of Marriages on Tuesday. The couple are leaving for Singapore, where they will make their home. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Aboard the Cable and Wireless ship, 'Retriever', during the official visit of the Commodore - in-Charge, Commodore J. H. Unwin. From left: Mr P. G. Cornish, Mr H. S. Bindon, Capt. J. G. West (of Retriever), Mr J. T. Lock (Manager of Cable and Wireless), Mr H. C. Baker (Divisional Manager) and Commodore Unwin. (Starlite)

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MR Eduardo L. Rosal, Consul for the Philippines, and Filipino residents at the community tea dance held at the Peninsula Hotel to celebrate Philippines Independence Day. Right: Mr Rosal with HE the OAG, Mr E. B. David, and Mr Angus MacKintosh, Deputy Commissioner-General for Southeast Asia, at the cocktail reception at the Repulse Bay Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



THE United States Consul-General and Mrs Everett F. Drumright receiving guests at the Fourth of July reception. Mrs Drumright is greeting Mr Justice J. R. Gregg. (Staff Photographer)



PC Chan To-sang receiving a silver whistle as best recruit from Air Commodore A. D. Messenger at last Saturday's passing-out parade of the Police Training School. The Air Officer Commanding took the salute. (Staff Photographer)



THE Director of Public Works, the Hon. Theodore L. Bowring, who opened the new Kowloon City ferry pier, is seen in picture on the right (standing in centre) with Mr J. C. Brown and Miss Rosalie Bowring at the cocktail party marking the occasion. (Staff Photographer)



THE new Church of the Sacred Heart in Shatin, a Roman Catholic church, was opened on Monday by Bishop Lawrence Bianchi. Here, the Rev. Fr Ambrose Poletti, priest in charge of Catholic missions in the New Territories, is seen speaking at the reception following. (Staff Photographer)



MISS K. D. Chorry unveiling the black marble tablet at the new St Peter's School, West Point, to mark its official opening. Miss Chorry is Principal of St Stephen's Girls' College. (Staff Photographer)



OFFICIALS of the Swiss Air Lines who arrived in Hong Kong this week on a world tour. They are Mr Willy Imhof, Dr Walter Borchfeld, Messrs Fritz Krotz, Zach Kaolin, L. L. Ambord, Miss Wanda Cassina-Barca, and Messrs Walter Benz and Max Grothe. (Mayfair)



LEFT: Brig. F.C.C. Graham, Deputy Commander, Land Forces, congratulating WO1 H. Dickinson after presenting him with the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal at the RASC Corps Sunday parade at Whitfield Barracks. (Staff Photographer)

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BELOW: The Portuguese Army football team from Macao and a team representing the British Army, who met at Sak Kong in the first Army Inter-Port game on Tuesday. The British team won 8-2. (Staff Photographer)

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THE TOP OF EVEREST.

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BY

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"BUT I SAY UNTO YOU...."
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THE UGLY LITTLE SISTER GROWS UP IN BROADWAY

If you saw the film "Picnic," you will remember the tiny, ugly younger sister, Susan Strasberg. It was a smallish part, but some sagacious moviegoers predicted a bright future for her.

It was the safest bet of the year. For before ever "Picnic" had been shown

by C. Nicholas Phipps

in America, let alone London, Susan Strasberg was an established star on Broadway.

Since last October she has been playing Anne Frank herself in "The Diary of Anne Frank," the Pulitzer Prize Play of 1955.

tually grown up in The Business.

She lives with her father (a distinguished American producer and teacher), mother and brother (younger but bigger than me) in what she claims is the second oldest house in New York. (Actual age unspecified).

She looks like a waif-and-stray. She is just five feet tall, pale and very thin. She has long, wavy-looking mousey hair, kept back by an Alice-in-Wonderland, enormous, sad-looking brown eyes and a much better complexion than most American girls.

No Make-up

She uses no make-up, on stage or off, except a pencil on her eyes and eyebrows. Onstage her voice has a harsh whine that grates horribly on an English ear; "in real life" it is gentle and rather pleasing.

She moves beautifully and she has a charmingly proud self-possession.

Despite her ethereal, emaciated appearance she puts away (in that order) a bowl of fruit salad, a huge slice of beef, quarter of an inch thick, and

roasted "medium rare" (twice carried past the kitchen fire), a large green salad and a glass of milk when we met for a 5.45 meat-tau before the play.

After the play she eats "puddles and desserts and all kinds of crazy rich things."

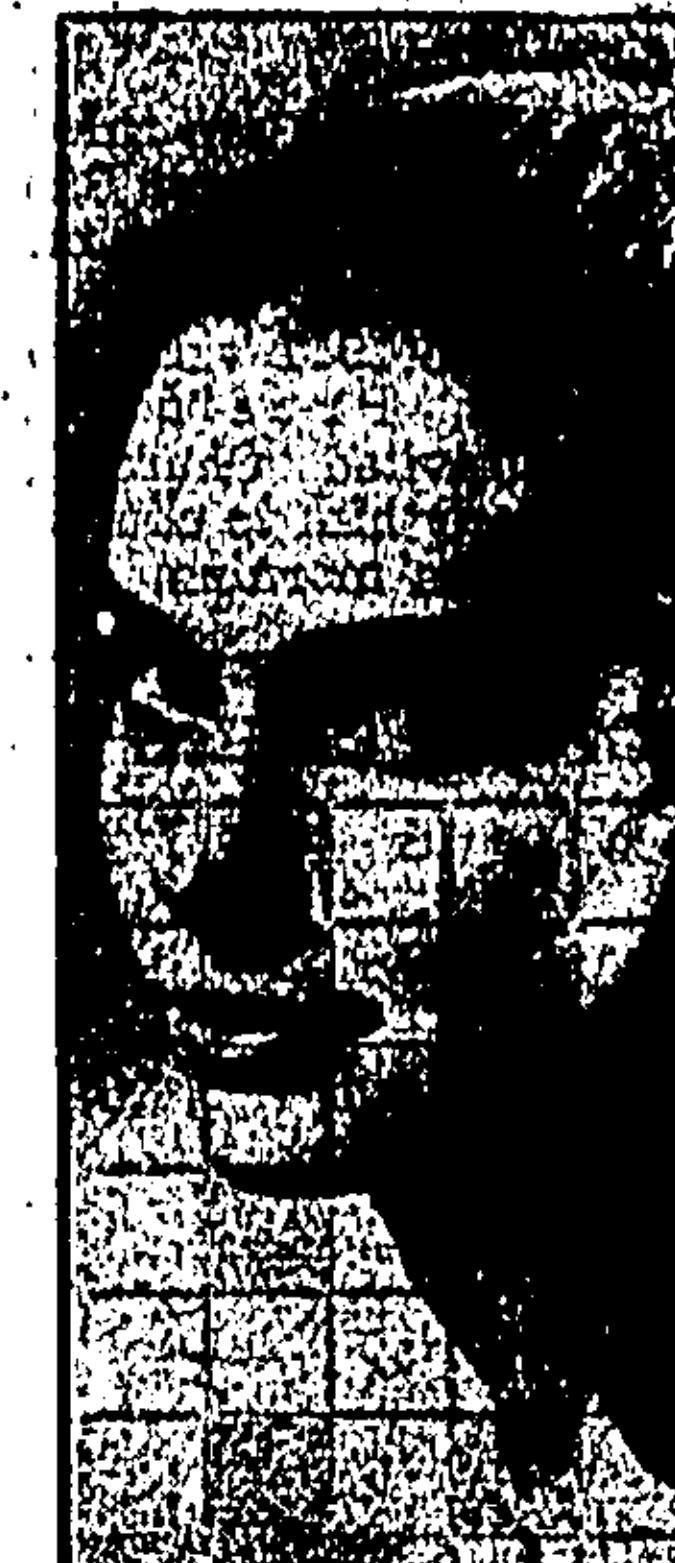
She drinks water, milk (which she hates) and champagne "on occasions."

She has grit. For three months she was running a temperature with bronchitis and influenza. She went on playing until her doctor insisted she stay in bed. She missed only five performances. She with a temperature of 101.

She is thoroughly professional. "People say: 'Oh it must be so inspiring to play your part.' I tell them it's just hard work. Inspiration comes maybe twice in a lifetime, but you have to give eight performances a week. I never used to get nervous. Now, I think I won't be able to go on sometimes. Nobody knew me then. Now I've got frightened having to live up to something. You've got to get better or worse all the time."

Comparison

SUSAN STRASBERG—she did not get her feet wet.



SUSAN STRASBERG—she did not get her feet wet.

She doesn't have a shock; she has a traumatic experience.

She doesn't pick up habits;

she acquires them by osmosis.

She doesn't console herself after a disappointment; she erects protective barriers around her ego.

In August she is going to London to rest for a month from the damp heat of New York. I told her that public curiosity might disturb her rest.

"Oh, no, Marilyn Monroe is coming over about the same time. No one will pay much attention to me." I think she will be proved wrong. But one word of advice.

Let her not wear her spectacles and use those long words, or people really will take her for just another blue-stocking.

(CONTINUED)

SANDEMAN SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

A bottle of Sandeman Scotch Whisky is shown next to a circular logo containing the text "The King of Whiskies".

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WATER IS PRECIOUS

What they say . . .

Enriched Spirit

TO my question on what he thought of Lois Marshall he answered: "My dear fellow, I knew she would be a success. She sang for me in America and I engaged her at once." Then he told me he was writing his autobiography. "It will provoke some controversy," he said blandly.

By a happy chance my wife and I had run into Mr and Mrs Alexander from Toronto on the way into the Festival Hall and they asked us to join them at a supper party at the Caprice Restaurant in honour of the heroine of the evening. So after leaving Beecham we joined the celebration party and I had the pleasure of sitting next to Lois Marshall.

She looked much younger than to the platform and her face, like her voice, has a unique quality of happiness. There is real merriment in her laughter and in her spirit. Yet from childhood she had limped with no hope that she would ever walk or dance or run like other girls.

Oscar Wilde wrote that out of sorrow have the worlds been built and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain. Sorrow and suffering can enrich the human spirit and Lois Marshall proves this to be true.

Joyousness

CHILDREN are not normally endowed with tact and one can imaging the spiritual loneliness of Lois Marshall as a little girl who could not join her contemporaries at play. But she has a strange instinct for compensation.

I do not doubt that as a child her nature deepened and her mind matured because she had to remain apart from so many activities. Thus when she sings there is sorrow in her voice, when the music calls for it but, as in Mozart's masterpiece, there is a joyousness in her voice that brings excitement to the soul.

Now to bring myself down to earth I shall wander to Lord's Cricket Ground and calm myself in the deep religious quiet of a match between Middlesex and Australia. But I must be careful not to shout "Jubilate". Modest, I have never been an enthusiast about his operas but that is not uncommon with those of us who prefer the full singing especially and spiritue-

"GENEVA COLLECTION"

In view of the great interest shown by the public in the Omega "Geneva Collection" of jewellery-watches, the factory has consented to allow it to remain in Hong Kong for another week.

Until the 10th of July it will be exhibited

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Sir Thomas Beecham and The Girl From Toronto

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

Those of us who are Canadians resident in London there is always a special interest when compatriots come across the Atlantic to challenge the fates in London. Whether it is a financier like Sir Walter Peacock, a dambuster like Lord Beaverbrook, an operatic baritone like Edmund Burke, a star soprano like Edwina or even a semi-Canadian like Stephen Leacock those of us who are resident in the Metropolis feel a special pride.

Contrary to the pessimists London is still the greatest city in the world. Paris may claim to be the temple of the mind, Vienna may contend that her opera is the best in the world, and New York can certainly boast that her skyscrapers are nearest to heaven, but the verdict of London has a finality about it that cannot be disputed.

Therefore I was specially interested to learn that Lois Marshall was to be the soloist at the Festival Hall with Sir Thomas Beecham's Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Not was my interest lessened by the knowledge that the young lady in question was a native daughter of Toronto.

"Shut Up!"

ONE final example and we shall get down to our narrative. It happened years ago when Sir Thomas Beecham was conducting Fidelio on the opening night of the opera season when all the socialites were there. Unfortunately there was a sustained mutter of conversation in the audience as the gentle overture developed.

Putting down his baton Sir Thomas turned around and shouted: "Shut up!" The socialites gasped and were silent. "Either you shut up," he barked, "or I'll put you out."

Unforgettable

NO wonder Beecham glanced at her with an appraising eye as he raised his baton. But our heroine showed no outward sign of nerves. Like all great boxers, orators, actors and singers, she was perfectly calm as the first went — or in this case as the baton was raised.

In a few moments we sensed that something unforgettable was happening. Here was a young woman whose voice was flooding the auditorium with a sheer exultant happiness that blended in perfect unity with the joyousness of Mozart's orchestral accompaniment.

Jubilate Jubilate! Even to speak the word is to sense its extraordinary quality of ecstasy. But to sing it, to proclaim it on a B flat that seemed to come from a mountain top is to venture into the unchartered territory of the spirit.

But it was not only at the top of the register that Lois Marshall was scoring her triumph. Her low notes were essential for contrast in keeping with the rest of her voice.

One must admit that in the ovation that swept the auditorium at the end of the Jubilate we must give some credit to Modest. I have never been an enthusiast about his operas but that is not uncommon with those of us who prefer the full singing especially and spiritue-

Stormy Veteran

EVEN J. B. Priestley was impressed by Toronto. We were somewhat disturbed a few weeks ago to learn that he had behaved rather badly at a Literary Luncheon in the Queen City and I duly took him to task in a British publication under the heading: "Don't be Beastly, Mr. Priestley!" A bit cheap perhaps, but provocative.

He does not usually turn the other cheek but a note has just arrived from him suggesting that we have a friendly talk about Canada. It seems in fact that he was much impressed by that expanding metropolis that stretches from the water front to the far North.

But now in London we were to have a young woman as a co-star with the stormy veteran of music Sir Thomas Beecham. Few artists have emerged un-

Immense Range

AFTER the opening symphony Sir Thomas left the platform to escort our visitor from the wings. We had learned that Lois Marshall had suffered from an attack of polio in her childhood which had left her permanently lame. Thus



General's Badge Was Served At Churchill's Dinner

By ROBERT J. EDWARDS

ONE MARINE'S TALE. By General Sir Leslie Hollis. Andre Deutsch. 185 pages. 15s.

MANY men are ruled by their valets. But not Sir Winston Churchill. During the 1941 visit to Washington, President Roosevelt invited Churchill to accompany him to church on Christmas morning.

It was to be a great and solemn occasion. Churchill insisted on wearing his white waistcoat with his dark suit. Sawyer, the valet, in the true Jeeves tradition, advised against it.

The church, he said, would be overheated. A white waistcoat would be a most inappropriate garment for the occasion.

Churchill refused to be persuaded. He demanded his white waistcoat forthwith.

"Sawyer, how could you?" he said, when his valet confessed the truth. "The waistcoat had been left in London."

General Hollis's jolly manner have many such intimate glimpses of Britain's war leader.

GONE FISHING

One Saturday morning Churchill rang Hollis, who was wartime Secretary of the Chief of Staff Committee—to ask for the CIGS to come to Chequers.

Hollis explained that the CIGS was out of town. Churchill then asked for the Chief of the Air Staff. Said Hollis: "He was out of town too."

The Prime Minister was determined to get someone. Send down the First Sea Lord, he ordered. Not possible, said Hollis.

A musing note came into Churchill's voice. How was it, he asked, that all three Chiefs of Staff were out of London at the same time, and on what duties were they engaged?

Hollis gave the answer. Fishing.

While holding the rank of Colonel, Hollis was guest at a small dinner party given by Churchill at Marrakesh. The Prime Minister rose from his place and carried a plate to Hollis's table. It was covered by a napkin.

"Your *hors d'oeuvre*," he growled. Beneath was the insignia of a major-general-plus cap-bridge and shoulder emblem. The Major had been promoted.

During one of Marshal Salomon's banquet speeches at the Far East Conference, a waiter dropped a 30-lb mound of ice cream on the interpreter Pavlov, who was

busy translating his master's speech.

It flowed all over him. Unmoved, the highly-disciplined Russian continued his task.

Afterwards, Hollis discovered there were six Russian colonel-chiefs of Stalin's security guard—who had been left in a side room without food or drink. They were extremely disgruntled.

Hollis took in a bottle of Scotch and six glasses. Bottoms up—and it was gone. Another bottle was fetched, and another. Says Hollis: "I returned to the main scene rather shaken."

Ernest Bevin and Hollis were present at a Defence Committee discussion on recruiting which was in a bad way, said Bevin: "You know, you Chiefs of Staff, the best recruiting sergeant you ever had was unemployment."

Bevin explained how he had tried to join the Marines when he was on the dole. The sergeant, he told the assembled Brass Hats, glared at him and said: "Do you really think we have little squirts of men like you in the Marines?"

At this stage Bevin pointed a finger at Hollis and exclaimed indignantly. "And yet look at Ollie there!"

Bevin and Hollis were the same height.

PRIME MINISTER OF MIRTH, the biography of Sir George Robey by A. E. Wilson. Odhams Press, London. 18/- net.

WHO are the finest pair of opening batsmen cricket has produced? Hobbs and Sutcliffe? Woodfull and Ponsford? Hutton and Washbrook? Morris and Barnes?

The reader of this new book will be captivated to learn that it was none of these giants. He has it on the authority of Mr Oberon Stringweed, President of St Bartholomew Cricket Club, and Gizzard.

And Mr Stringweed backs his judgment by insisting that, with all due respect to Hobbs and Sutcliffe on a sticky day at Melbourne, "they were never quite Lockjaw and Gizzard." Called upon to bat year in year out, pitches where the ball might run off a length from a patch of needles or shoot from a column of dustbins besides breaking tortuously from inequalities in the wicket."

This is quite sufficient to compel the reader to buy Mr Stringweed's judgment.

Mr R.T. Johnston, the author, has written a delightfully whimsical, gently satirical basic about cricket. It tickles the fancy rather than promotes uproarious laughter. It constitutes an essay to the art of good-natured debunking which every cricketer or lover of cricket would dearly like to be able to pen. It is all very good fun.

His philosophy was as pungent as his stage songs, and quips were fratty. His deep sensitiveness for his fellow men, his shy generosity, his unswerving contempt for stage microphones (and crooners which go with them), his tender love life, his great courage as an artist when at the age of 65 he staked his reputation by appearing on the legitimate stage in the role of Falstaff—all these characteristics made him a man among men.

Admirers of the late George Robey will feel grateful to A.E. Wilson for his biography of the invincible mirth-maker; so too will those who have never had the opportunity of seeing and hearing him either on the stage or in films. For this is a splendid study of a very human and humane person, whose own rise to fame he attained with genuine modesty, who in many respects gave more than he received and whose life, in several ways, could be taken as a model. - SAG

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



IS BING GOING OUT—OR HAS HE GONE?

Cyril Stapleton's column

In Madrid last week Frank Sinatra paid this remarkable tribute to Cyril Stapleton. "I want to make a record with the Cyril Stapleton orchestra. It is the finest in the world." Stapleton is the most widely followed record commentator in daily journalism. Read him each week in the China Mail.

I HAVE just been listening to the new long-playing album by Bing Crosby. On the back of the jacket appears the phrase "Sung by The Inimitable Bing." . . . It strikes me there is a spot of wishful thinking here, and that Bing is not quite as inimitable as the record people like to think.

In fact, I can say that as far as the sales of records are concerned, some of the imitators are doing better than the original.

Checking back I find that the last time Mr Crosby appeared in the Top 10 was in April 1954 with a tune called "Change Partners." On the other hand, some of the singing stars who owe their style to the master have been doing very well themselves of recent months.

The person who seems least worried is, of course, Bing. He still goes his own way, refusing to appear on TV and doing five radio programmes a week.

And if he needs any consolation for his failure to appear in the best-selling record charts I should think he just lets his mind drift over the following remarkable facts: That he has sold over 100 million gramophone records. "White Christmas" alone has sold more than 9,000,000; "Jingle Bells" 5,000,000; and "Silent Night" 6,000,000.

He has 19 golden discs—each one represents a record which sold over a million, and that enough records have been sold to supply one each to nearly every inhabitant of the United States.

Mice & Man

I'D like to raise my musical cap to bandleader Johnny Dankworth. Johnny has just made a record for Parlophone which looks like becoming his first big seller. It's called "Experiments with Mice," and contains, not as you would think something which might result in a court action by the R.S.P.C.A., but a clever and amusing take-off of the varying styles of several famous bands, all playing the old nursery rhyme "Three Blind Mice."

Johnny not only arranged and conducted this 12-in. number, he also speaks the narration, and plays alto saxophone, clarinet, cowbell, tin whistle, and timpani.

L.P.'s Level

FOR the first time in the history of gramophone records, long players are being sold in the same quantity as the ordinary variety. These expensive discs, which cost up to £2 each, are actually selling copy for copy with the ordinary pop 5s. 1d. 7s. 6d.

The two which have created this new record, by appearing in the Top 20, are Sinatra's "Swinging Lovers" and the sound track of "Carousel."

My Fear

A NEW Elvis Presley, which A will, I fear, be an immediate success is called "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You." I'm sorry I don't feel that way about him.

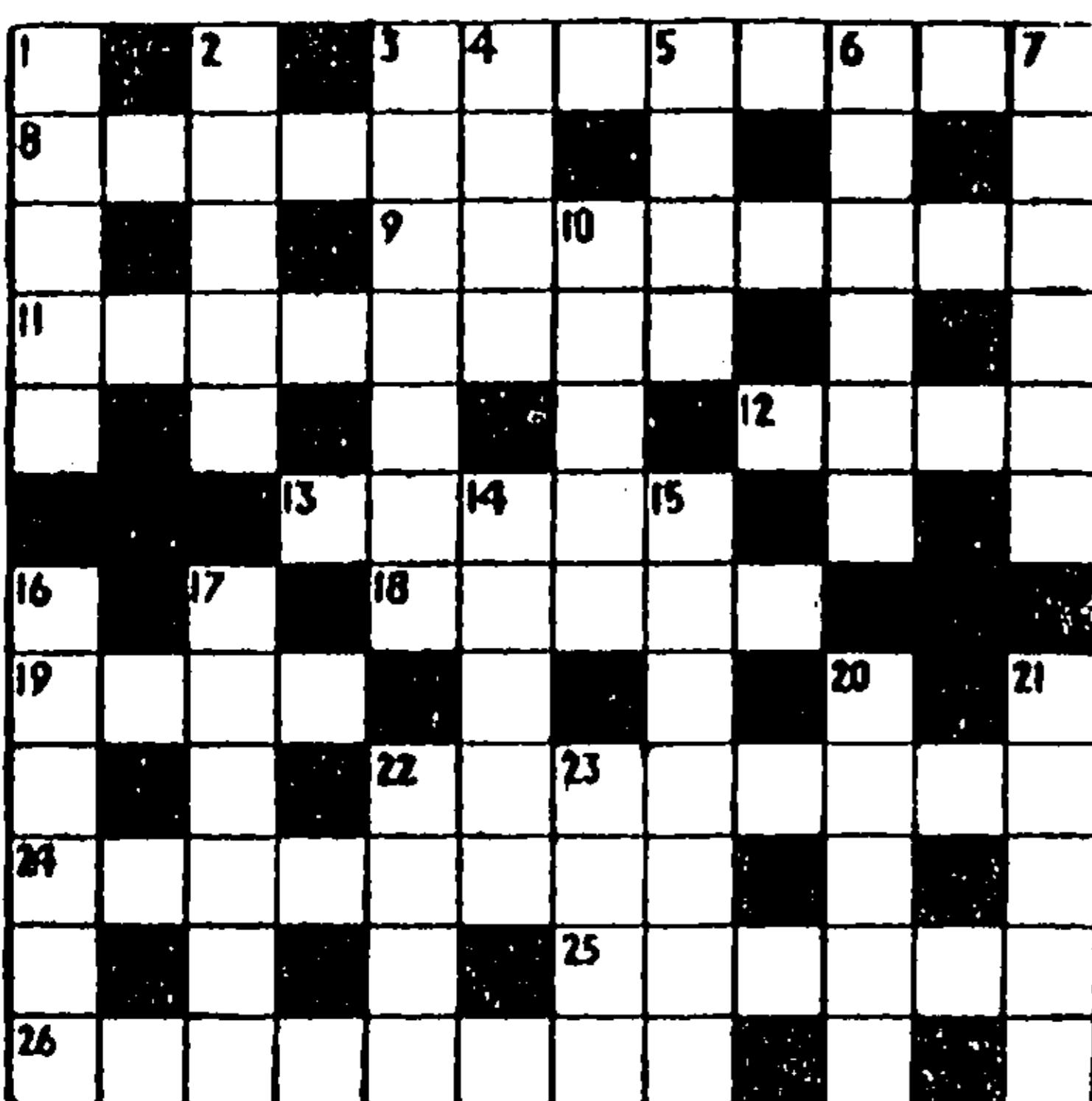
On the back, a tune with the title "Left Me."

The Top Ten

Here's the week's best-sellers:

1. "TILL BE HOME," Pat Boone (London)
2. "HEARTBREAK HOTEL," Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
3. "LOST JOHN," Lonnie Donegan (Pye-Nixa)
4. "NO OTHER LOVE," Ronnie Hilton (H.M.V.)
5. "HOT DIGGITY," Perry Como (H.M.V.)
6. "SAINTS ROCK AND ROLL," Bill Haley (Comets) (Brunswick)
7. "MY SEPTEMBER LOVER," David Whitfield (Decca)
8. "TOO YOUNG TO GO STEADY," Nat "King" Cole (Capitol)
9. "A TEAR FELL," Teresa Brewer (Vogue/Coral)
10. "BLUE SUEDE SHOES," Elvis Presley (H.M.V.) AND "EXPERIMENTS WITH MICE," Johnny Dankworth Orchestra (Parlophone)

A British Crossword Puzzle

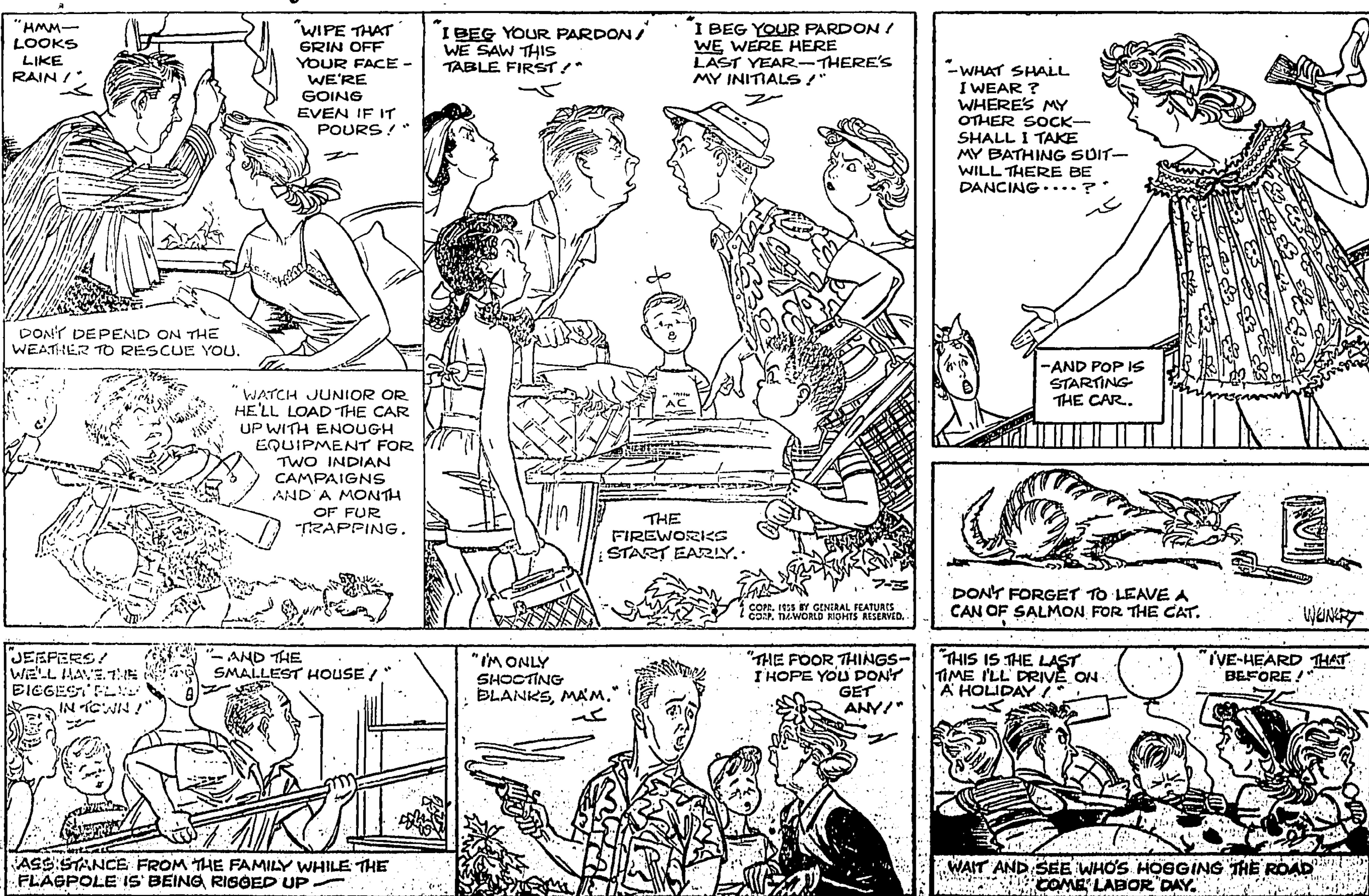


YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 8 Defender, 7 Cater, 8 Oriental, 10 Arable, 13 Popular, 15 Sir, 17 Settles, 18 Surgeon, 20 Legs, 21 Nettles, 26 Wreath, 27 Comatose, 28 Act, 1. Sediment, Down: 1 Scrap, 2 Scrap, 3 Droll, 4 Ever, 5 Detail, 6 Belles, 9 Belson, 11 Rogue, 12 Bungs, 14 Renew, 15 State, 16 Resell, 18 Sleek, 19 Rainmed, 22 Treas, 23 Lasts, 24 Shady, 25 Stem.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Yankee Doodle Dandies

BY HARRY WEINERT



WEEK-END BOWLS

A CRAIGENGOWER VICTORY TODAY MAY DECIDE THE CHAMPIONSHIP

Says "TOUCHER"

What may be the deciding match of the First Division of the Lawn Bowls League will be played off this afternoon at the Valley between Craigengower Cricket Club and Kowloon Cricket Club.

A 4-1 win for the League-leading Valley club will practically assure them of the Championship. With only four remaining matches to go after this afternoon's game they have only to contend with KBGC, Filipin Club, Talook and IRC "Gold".

They have only to average four points from these remaining games to bring their aggregate points to 51 which should be ample to earn them the title.

Last year Recreco became Champions with 63 points from 18 matches and past records show that an average of four points per match has always been good enough to win the Championship. Fifty-one points will actually give Craigengower an even slightly higher average.

The chances of KCC or IRC "Blues" of becoming the Champions will depend largely on the outcome of this afternoon's game. At the moment KCC has two postponed games in hand—one against IRC "Gold" and the other against Recreco. In seven matches they have collected 26 points.

If they lose today's game by 4-1, they must average four points in their remaining six games to equal Craigengower's likely total of 51 points.

Considering that among their six remaining matches KCC still has to play IRC "Blues", KBGC and Recreco twice, the chances of their coming out on top must be regarded as very remote.

The same can also be said of IRC "Blues" who still have one postponed match against KBGC in eight matches they have taken 20½ points. An average of four points in their remaining matches will only give them 50½ points and on top of that they still have Recreco and KCC among their remaining opponents.

HOWEVER

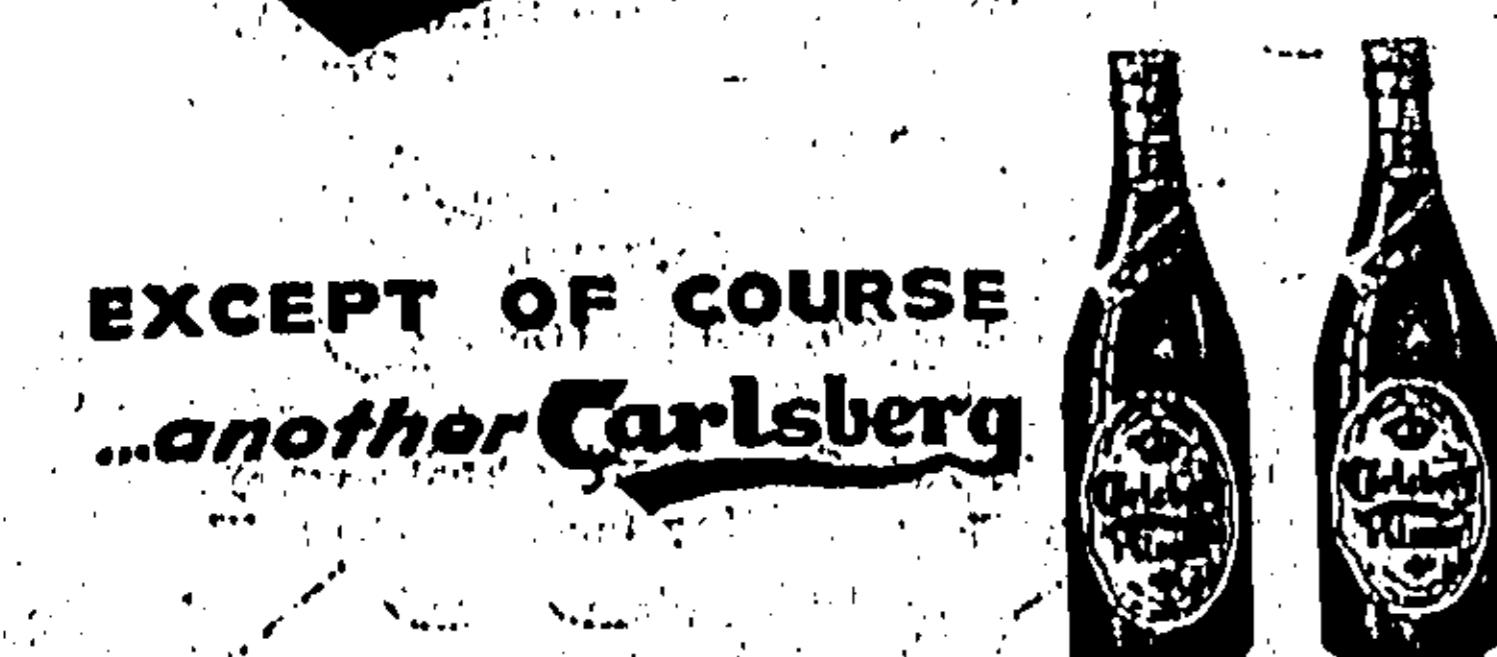
A 4-1 win for the Kowlonties this afternoon will however, take the race to an interesting finish. Craigengower can then probably end up with only 48 points and the Kowlonties will need only 10 points from their remaining six matches to overtake their rivals.



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SPORTS SPECTRUM

Big John Is Struck Out By Mr Wong's Power Play

It was hot and sticky outside and both Big John and Mr Wong breathed a sigh of relief as they entered the cooler atmosphere of the club and made straight for the bar.

"The first item on the programme, my dear Wong, is the urgent replacement of today's sweat loss, and a serious spot of thirst-quenching," said Big John as he settled himself on a high stool under a fan.

Mr Wong watched the studied actions of the bar boy as he prepared the drinks and he seemed to be anticipating eagerly the pleasure that was just ahead, but his face changed quickly and completely as his companion lifted his glass, admired the cold crystal clear beer against the light of the window, end, with a twinkle in his eye, said "First today . . . Here's pink woods in your eye."

For a fleeting moment it looked as though Wong had lost his desire for the cooling beverage in his hand but, taking a long drink, he slowly placed his glass on the bar. "John," he said, "you and I have been friends for a long time and I think you should have known that if there was one way to ruin my enjoyment of that drink it was to mention the diabolical subject of coloured woods . . ."

John stopped for breath and Mr Wong pitched into the fray with a speed and accuracy that would have brought a cheer of admiration at King's Park. "You are talking a load of tommy rot . . . spell R-U-B-B-I-S-H . . . and pronounced UTTER NONSENSE."

"In the last couple of years softball in Hongkong has been sliding and slipping. The standard of play has got steadily worse and worse, and with the same faces always around the crowd in the stand has got thinner and thinner. The game needs a good shot in the arm to live it up . . . and it needs another one in the pocket to back it up."

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied Big John, "I hear that one of the local radio sports programmes is threatening to discuss it too."

"The top man of the Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association talked about it on Rediffusion three or four weeks ago . . . in fact that was where I first heard about it . . . now every time I hear mention of coloured woods I see red . . ."

The first round game between these two teams was postponed and this will be the first encounter between them. Playing on their under-sized and extremely fair green, the Philippines will start with a tremendous advantage that may set them through to a 4-1 win.

The HKPSA, however, should still be at the top of the League table after this afternoon's games. On relative standard of bowls they should take at least four points. If not five from KCC: They will do well, however, to remember that the Kowlonties scored a grand 8-0 win over Craigengower last week and watch out for the unexpected.

OPEN SINGLES

During the week no fewer than 20 out of the 32 first round matches of the Colony Open Singles Championship were played off. Top individual honours went to KCC's Second Division League bowler H. Phoenix, who eliminated the 1953 Champion and last year's runner-up M. B. Hassan by 10-10.

Kohsa Nazarin, conqueror of the 1955 Champion, Eric Lidell, failed to reproduce the same form in his match against Talook's C. McLean and to whom he lost by 10-23.

Excellent form was shown by the three past champions, Connie Pereira, W. Hong Sling and Alfred Coates, during the week's Championship matches and the 1955 Singles Champion may probably be picked from among them.

Both Connie Pereira and Hong Sling won their games with plenty to spare, but Coates was extended to 21-18 by A. P. Pereira in what was probably the best match of the week.

The Colony Open Triples Championship begins its first round tomorrow with 18 matches on different greens. The best game of the afternoon will be that between the KBGC three of J. Tindall, Eric Lidell and Joe Eastman and the Recreco three of J. A. Luz, F. G. Luz and A. A. Lopes. This will be played at KCC.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Talook v Recreco
IRC "Gold" v FC
CCC v KCC
KBGC v IRC "Blue"
Second Division
POC v HKFC
USRC v PRC
Recreco v KDC "White"
CCC v KCC
HKCC v FC
KDC "Blue" (byo)
Third Division
PRC v CCC
HKERC v HKFC
FC v KBGC
KCC v HKPSA
Ladies League
CCC "Green" v FC
KBGC v USRC
KCC "White" v KDC
PRC v CCC "Yellow"
TC v KCC "Red"

TOMORROW

Colony Open Triples first round matches at Recreco, IRC, KBGC, HKCC, KCC, CCC, HKFC and KDC.

MONDAY

Colony Open Pairs first round matches at IRC, KBGC, CCC, KCC, HKCC, Recreco, KDC and HKFC.

STUMPED—BUT NOT OUT...

THE MOST AMAZING INCIDENT I HAVE EVER SEEN IN CRICKET

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

The excitements of the Test match took publicly the other week from one of the most astonishing incidents I have ever seen in cricket. No, I am not referring to the hat trick of my Notts colleague Allan Walker achieved with the first three balls of the Leicestershire innings—although I had never seen that before either. The even more involved incident occurred when Allan Walker bowled the last ball of his third over.

It drew Maurice Hallam right forward, beat him, and flashed through to the wicketkeeper who was standing back. Seeing that he was out of his ground the wicketkeeper hurled the ball at the stumps, shattered them, and there was Hallam "stumped." The square leg umpire immediately gave him out and Hallam walked off.

But by this time Vic Jackson, the other Leicestershire batsman, was talking to the umpire at the bowler's end. In effect Vic was protesting "...but he can't be out because YOU called 'OVER' before that ball hit the wicket and the ball was therefore DEAD."

And that is what eventually held. Hallam, who had taken his pads off by this time, was recalled and Leicestershire skipper Charles Palmer who had come to the wicket had to go back and wait his turn all over again.

Technically there is no doubt about the issue. If the umpire about the bowler's end had called "OVER" the game was Dead. And nobody can put that out then. But, ethically, I am still convinced that the batsman was fairly and squarely stumped and that he should have lost his wicket.

REAL SPIRIT

I suppose the whole issue comes down to a question of how quickly the bowling endumpire calls "OVER." The MCC urge them to keep up the pace of the game by not wasting time. But surely it should not come as quickly as this? In any case I am not sure that the real spirit of the game is served by a technically being allowed to over-rule a perfectly good piece of cricket.

But there we are. This astonishing game of ours is always providing us with new talking points and I think this one is about as remarkable as any I have ever seen.

But then what more remarkable than the Test? The Australians go in without a county win . . . having been beaten by Surrey . . . and yet they call the tune throughout five days against England. How do you reckon it all up?

I tell you how I reckon it up . . . and I did this before this Test . . . I set it all down fairly and squarely to the genius of Keith Miller as a bowler and to the known weaknesses in England's batting. The Aussies really got down to the business and, with Ken Mackay doing a splendid job, they were infinitely more solid than England.

For a number of years now Keith Miller has wanted to concentrate on his batting. He enjoys batting more than slogging away as a bowler. But the real genius of the man has always been in his bowling. Over short spells he has always been more dangerous even than Ray Lindwall. Ask Len Hutton, Ray Westbrook, or any of the other great players who have had to face up to him.

And when Pat Crawford joined Lindwall and Davidson on the Aussie injured list and he just had to pitch in and bowl Australia's chances stepped up. This splendid character is such a genius that he just doesn't bowl fast. Speed is his greatest weapon. When he wants to rip he is the fastest bowler in the world. But that would be both wearing and boring . . . just to bowl fast. And one thing Keith can't stand is boredom.

The result is that in whatever game he is playing, whether it is a club match or a Test match, he will boldly mix leg breaks, googlies, off breaks, a peculiar round arm flipper . . . anything he can think of . . . with the usual assortment of bouncers and fast yorkers. Technically he should never get away with it. But, being Miller, he does.

ACCIDENTS

And there are other items Lehman discovered. For one thing, Graziano tried to jump from one tenement to another on a dare. A clothesline broke his six-story fall. In another episode he ran through a plate glass window and received 67 stitches.

"And I might as well mention that he received a broken leg

when his bike took on a car and a concussion when a truck slipped him against a fire hydrant," Lehman said.

"This last made him totally deaf for several months. However, a playful blow—he calls it playful, anyhow—by a gal cleared up this problem."

Lehman's only conclusion is that the same one that has been reached by many, many persons before him—boys are indestructible.

Graziano, who was considered one of boxing's roughest and toughest champions, had a physical examination when he was 12 and was shown to be suffering from an incorrectly formed chest because of malnutrition.

STABILITY

So Miller the bowler was one reason for Australia's stability.

Two Batsmen In One

Frank Whitehead, of Holloway (Lambeth) Club, is all for bigger cricket and more compelling cricket too. Against Derby he notched one boundary which was much shorter than the other so he batted right handed one end and left handed the other. It paid dividends for he made top score and also the winning hit.

"And I might as well mention that he received a broken leg

when his bike took on a car and a concussion when a truck slipped him against a fire hydrant," Lehman said.

"This last made him totally

deaf for several months. However, a playful blow—he calls it playful, anyhow—by a gal cleared up this problem."

Lehman's only conclusion is that the same one that has been reached by many, many persons before him—boys are indestructible.

"Personally I hope lots of mothers see this film," he said. "I really think it will give them hope. They'll say, 'Look what this kid went through, and he's still around!'" United Press.

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JOHN MACADAM'S ASCOT STORY

HOW MR SHEENAN WON A PACKET

Ascot's two and a half centuries of continued royal patronage constitute it not only Very Big Sassity. They constitute it Very Big Money indeed.

From that humble £50 Plate, for which the handful of hunting men competed back in 1711, the prize money has been swollen steadily until there will be something like £60,000 or £70,000 for the lucky lads, if you can refer to the aristocracy of racing in such a way.

Of that sum £40,000 is put up by the Ascot Authority. The rest is put up by the owners of the racecourses, which are again by way of being the aristocracy of their kind.

It is not possible to put a precise figure on racecourse attendance, as it is in cricket or soccer, but, given good weather it is safe to say that the attendance for this Royal Ascot will top 100,000. Of these some 50,000 will be on the stands side, and anything up to another 50,000 across the course on the Heath.

Probably, for a lover of crowds and/or horseflesh, the Royal Enclosure at Ascot represents the best bargain in racing anywhere in the world today.

LUSCIOUS SWARD

The Gent., for his four-day tenure of the luscious sward, pays £10 and, for his Lady, £2. All hands pay a straight £2 a day for Tatts, the Grand Stand, and Puddock (no sex allowance), and the Silver Ring costs 10s. a day. Out on the Heath some 30,000-40,000 racegoers pay, and thousands more just walk on.

Ascot then, is a very Big Money proposition indeed, and all of it is ploughed back into the course by the Ascot Authority who, it is content with their new Mile and their enlarged enclosures, are already talking blithely about lifts and escalators and who-knows-what.

OWN RESERVOIR

Incidentally, one unlikely commodity in which some of this revenue is invested is water. With their private reservoir out on the Heath now connected by pipeline and pump house with the lake at Sunningdale Park nearby they fear no drought.

Rowdy Fans And Rough Play Cost Italian Soccer Clubs Huge Fines

Rome.

The ardour of Italian soccer fans and the roughness of play on the field cost Italian football clubs and professional players 15,000,000 Lire (£8,625 sterling) in fines in the 1955-56 season, which has just ended.

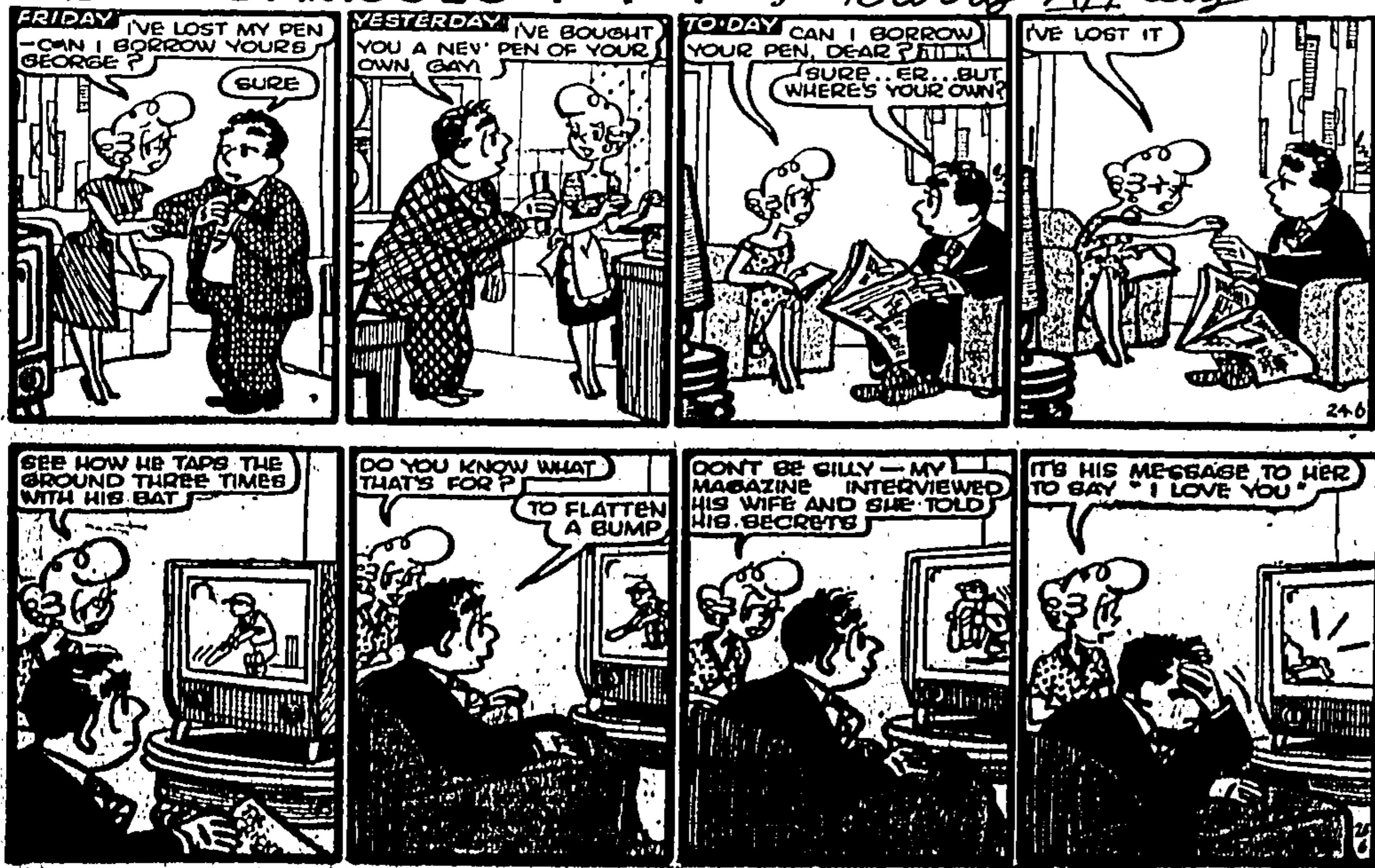
First Division clubs had to pay fines totalling 5,320,000 Lire (£3,059 sterling), 1,000,000 Lire (£675 sterling) more than in the 1954-55 season—because their fans were too rowdy.

Under Italian Football League rules, if the fans pelt the players or try to lynch the referee, the home team is heavily fined. These fines were increased last

NAUGHTY BOY

The very first ball of the Denton (Lancs) innings against Swinton, who had previously made 100, was a cracking drive that was a boundary all the way until a small boy spectator stopped it. In his rights, the umpire allowed only the three that had been run. Did not seem very important until Denton failed by just that one run to get level.

THE WEEKEND GAMBOLES



INDISCIPLINE

Napoli Football Club paid the heaviest fine (a total of 500,000 Lire, £290 sterling) and its ground was banned for a month (four games) because it ate in the canteen of its fans.

Twice during the season, the fans started riots in Naples' stadium and the police had to use revolvers and tear-gas to clear the stands.

Italian First Division players paid total of 2,04,000 Lire (£1,175 sterling) for belting rough on the field or shouting at the referee.

The other 7,500,000 Lire were paid by Second and Third Division Clubs and players, whose fines are smaller than those of their big brothers in the First Division.—China Mail Special.

INDIA'S SURPRISE PACKET



R. Krishnan of India shows the concentration which helped him beat former champion Jaroslav Drobny and spring the biggest surprise on the opening day of the Wimbledon Tennis Championships. Krishnan, playing in the first round of the Men's Singles on the Centre Court, beat Drobny 6-1, 4-6, 6-1, 6-4.—Reuterphoto.

Ryder Cup Golf School

Christy O'Connor The Long Irons is the teacher is the subject



My success secret...

By CHRISTY O'CONNOR

WHEN Dai Rees, our Ryder Cup captain, first spoke to me about this series, he said: "You tell them about the long irons, Christy. You are one of the masters of that part of the game."

Well, I suppose I do get good results with those long iron shots up to the flag that are so valuable on a big course. It set me thinking back to how I obtained command of those shots.

There is not much of a secret to it. To become a good iron player, my advice is to start on the lower clubs—say a No. 8 or 7 iron—and work up to the higher ones.

Anyway, that is how I have developed my iron play. Practice with the short iron gave me my timing, which is all important.

Grip-stance

Now for a few hints to brush up your No. 3 iron shot.

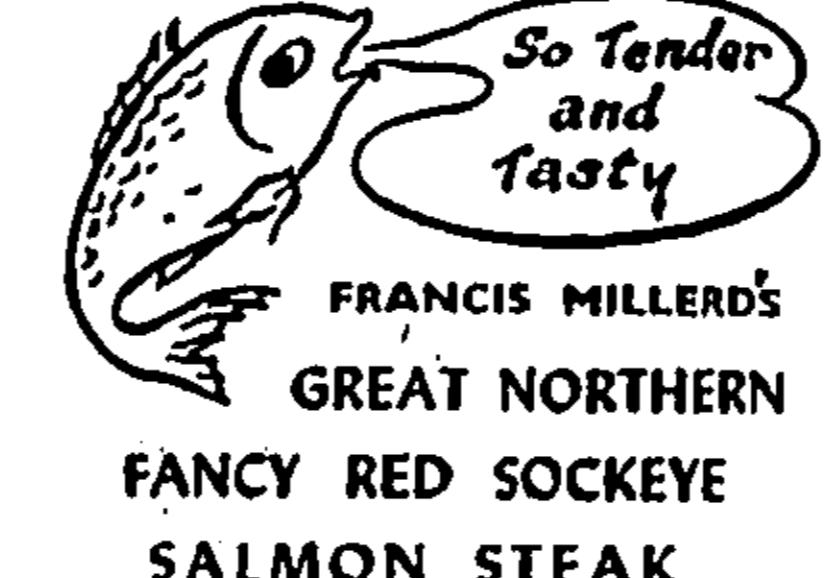
First make sure of a good firm grip. I use the conventional overlapping grip. This gives control of the club without being tensed.

See that your stance is neither too wide nor too narrow. Too wide will cause a tendency to sway. Too narrow will mean either sliding of the hips or falling on the ball.

NEVER fall to complete a full follow through.

ALWAYS keep the head steady until the ball has gone well on its way.

My stance is approximately the



FRANCIS MILLER'S

GREAT NORTHERN

FANCY RED SOCKEY

SALMON STEAK

Sole Agents SWIRE & MACLAINE LTD.



BURROUGHS

BEEFEATER

LONDON

DRY GIN

SOLE AGENTS SWIRE & MACLAINE LTD.

MY NERVES WENT TO PIECES ON CENTRE COURT

Beaten Drobny: I May Quit Wimbledon

By JOHN ELLISON

Jaroslav Drobny, lion-hearted Tennis Singles Champion of 1954, said after his surprise defeat at Wimbledon the other day by 19-year-old Indian student, Ramanathan Krishnan, "I may never play at Wimbledon again."

"The Old Fox," now 34, was outmatched and outpointed, 6-1, 4-6, 6-1, 6-1, in a first-round tie.

From the Centre Court, a harassed "Drob" slipped away to watch an away-from-the-crowds game on Court 14.

He told me: "I do not feel I can enter for Wimbledon next year. I do not want to go through an experience like this again."

"If only I could play my first round here"—he indicated John Palm and A. R. Mills playing before 20 spectators on the outer court—"I should be happy."

Krishnan, a student from Madras, said: "When I went on the court, I knew Drob was the better player. But I was determined and he didn't play well. But he is a great sport."

UMPIRE SCENE

Kurt Nielsen, 26-year-old Danish engineering student and twice a Wimbledon finalist—once last year—strode off No. 2 Court with very angry man.

His moustache bristled with indignation, after losing against Luis Ayala 5-7, 6-4, 6-4, 5-6, 6-4.

Later, with umpire Mr Peter Brimley of Brighton, Kurt saw the referee, Colonel John Legg. The three talked for 15 minutes.

Nielsen was shown the rules of tennis. Then he called a Press conference.

He said: "I shall not lodge an official objection. I don't like going things that way."

KEPT HIS TEMPER

"I was afraid of losing my temper but I kept it with difficulty."

"He was right about the balls. At the time I thought he was wrong, but I discovered later that we did not change at the right time."

BRITISH and Best



ALLSOPP'S

BRITISH LAGER BEER

Sole Agents CALBECK MAGGREGOR & CO. LTD.

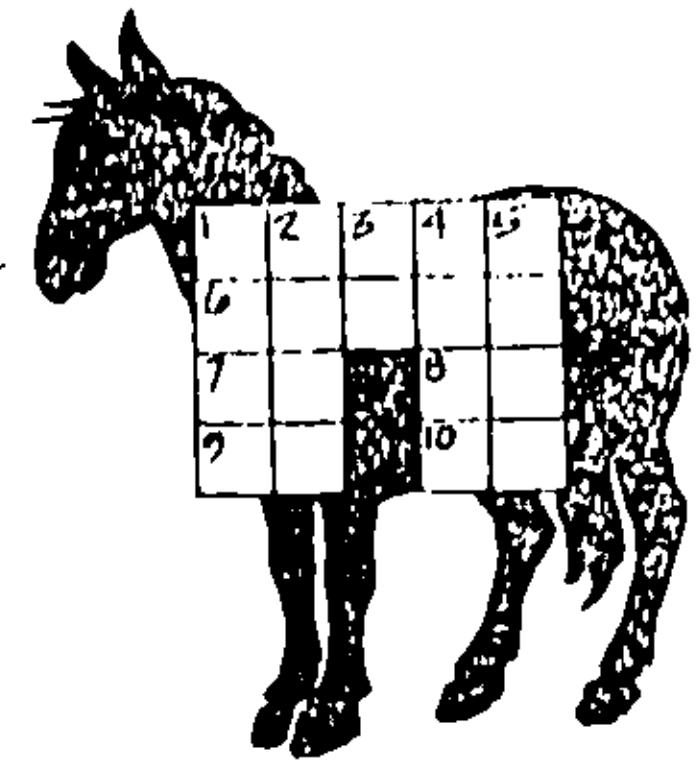
I told you "Joker" called a spade a spade. He thinks the closure at Horsham will knock a lot of the enthusiasm for the County game out of the towns and villages of Sussex north of the South Downs. "Why," he adds, "do you know that Horsham and district has supplied more players to Sussex than any other area? Think of the Lucas, Coles, Cokes, Street, Dr. Heygate, H. L. Wilson, A. H. Lang, Killik, Rev. D. S. Shippard, Pearce, Col. Watson, H. P. Chaplin, C. L. A. Smith, Etheridge, R. G. Hunt, D. A. Dow and D. Weeks. They all came from here."

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

First word in this puzzle is pictured in the silhouette on which it is drawn.



FINISH THEM

From the first list of words, finish the short sentences in the end list.

Gold	Bee	Pun
Cold	Bear	Bone
Black as a —	—	—
Dry as a —	—	—
Brave as a —	—	—
Good as a —	—	—
Fairy as a —	—	—
Neat as a —	—	—

(Solutions on Page 20)

Can You Name Them On The Wing?

ALMOST everyone claims A to love birds. Good. But in order to love, first you must know the object you claim to love. Do you really know birds?

Let's see if you can name some of our best known feathered friends. Score yourself ten points for each.



ACROSS

- 1 Farm animal
- 0 Fit
- 7 Musical note
- 8 Preposition
- 9 East side (abbr.)
- 10 Total amount (abbr.)

DOWN

- 1 Rabbit
- 2 Poems
- 3 Sun god
- 4 Blot,
- 5 Volcano in Sicily

TRIANGLE

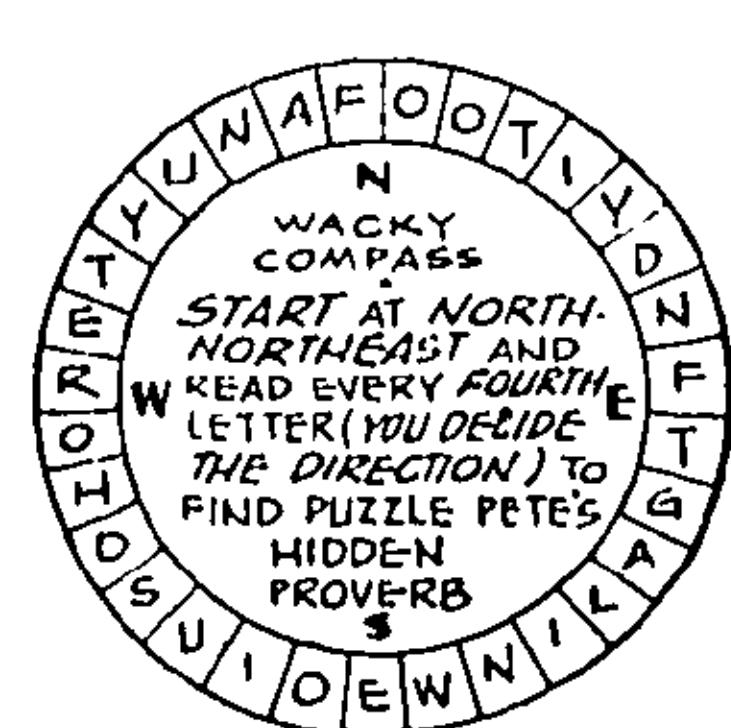
The Puzzlement is based on triangle on the word ADORE. The second word is short for "South Dakota" third is, and fourth to fly about. Complete the triangle from the given clues:

A
D
O
R
E
ADORE

DE-TAIL WORDS

Detail is written across and have "what nurses do for patients"; detail this and have "an automobile"; repeat and have short for Canadian army;

WACKY COMPASS



correct answer. A score of eighty or better proves you really do love birds.

1. What bird, the colour of the sky on a summer's day, is a symbol of happiness?

2. Which bird has a tail as long as his body and thrashes it around when he gets excited? The Pilgrims called him the Pilgrim Bird because he seemed to say in his song: "Hurry up, hurry up, plough it up, plough it up."

3. What bright bird has a black beard and is one of our most brilliantly coloured birds (like lipstick)? It is one of the friendliest birds we know.

4. Which bird is most often thought of as the EARLY bird?

5. Which bird is a stunt flier who can fly backwards, hang suspended in the air or fly straight up? It is so tiny that his average size is only three and three-fourths inches in length.

6. What bird nests in strange places, is gay, tireless and friendly? The male of this species arrives first to look for a nesting place and his mate's name is "Jenny."

7. What bird eats ants? He has a long sticky tongue and belongs to the woodpecker family.

8. Which merry little bird has a black cap and can hang upside down from a twigs? Every day he can eat thousands of moth eggs which he finds tucked in the bark of trees.

9. What bird is the world's best architect? Its babies are rocked to sleep in a nest that hangs from a branch in the top of the tree.

10. What bird clears the air of insects, is a member of the swallow family and one of the most powerful fliers?

(Answers on Page 20)

HOW TO MAKE A POGOSTICK

FIND 2 BOARDS $\frac{3}{4}$ INCH THICK ABOUT 3 IN. WIDE AND 12 INCHES LONG AND ONE THE SAME WIDTH AND THICKNESS IF LONG

2. MARK THE TWO SHORT PIECES CENTER

3. MAKE A STRAIGHT CUT HALF THROUGH BOARDS ON OUTSIDE LINES

4. WITH A CHISEL CHIP OUT PARTS BETWEEN CUTS ON BOTH PIECES

5. PUT SHORT PIECES TOGETHER AND SLIP 1/2 INCH BOARD THROUGH HOLE 15 FT. DOESN'T SLIDE EASILY MAKE HOLE LARGER.

6. DRILL A 1 INCH HOLE 2 FEET FROM END OF LONG BOARD.

7. CUT A 1 INCH WIDE BAND FROM A TRUCK TIRE TUBE. SLIP IT IN HOLE AND AROUND CROSS PIECES.

8. TACK A 3 INCH SQUARE OF RUBBER AROUND BOTTOM.

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<p

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

MEN OF WEALTH The Republican Party—or so the story goes—is the party of business, big business and little business. The Democratic Party, on the other hand, claims (like the Communists) that it is the party of the farmers and the industrial workers. By and large, the labels are right.

But, at election time, each party wants to be everybody's party. So the Republican High Command has been doing some homework to prove that the Democrats are not, entirely, the party of the poor and down-trodden.

No less than six Democratic Senators, it discovered, are millionaires.

And, whether they are all the way to being millionaires or not, presidential aspirants Adlai Stevenson and Averell Harriman are both "men of wealth."

INFLUENTIAL PERSON In the city of Syracuse there's a grocer who exerts as much influence over American TV and radio programmes as any big-time director in Radio City. Maybe more.

This grocer—who is no great power in Syracuse—is a regular listener to programmes. He also collects obscure facts about the lives of performers, such as the causes they once gave money to and the kind of public meetings they attended in 1933 and what sort of things they said about General Franco during the Spanish Civil War.

When he spots somebody who once said something that wouldn't, for instance, ever have been said by the late Senator Robert Taft or who once went to a meeting which say, Silent Cal Coolidge would have passed over, he makes a note.

Then he writes to the programme's sponsor. He suggests that he might ask his customers if they really wanted to buy soap from a man who paid out good money to put subversive people on the air.

The soap company, of course, gets worried. And somebody doesn't appear on its programme next week.

Simple.

You read about this grocer in a report compiled by the Ford Foundation's "Fund for the Rebuilding" on what is called "blacklisting" in American radio and TV.

The report was edited by a highly non-subversive gentleman called John Cogley, who, as it happens, is a Roman Catholic and the former editor of "The Commonwealth," the equally highly non-subversive intellectual voice of America's Catholics.

The report reveals that the greater is not new. In addition, there are several even more powerful gentlemen who make handsome livings selling lists of "subversive" performers to the TV and radio networks.

To put it mildly, there is a reign of terror in American broadcasting. Mr Cogley and the Fund for the Republic hope the facts they have unearthed will help to bring it to an end.

If Senator McCarthy doesn't catch Mr Cogley first, I think they will.

FOOD Since Americans were **TOO**, recently advised that nearly all the clerks in British shops were able to speak English, Britain's Travel and Holidays Association has moved farther afield. In an effort to make the tourists forget the joys of home it has offered something called the "Come to Britain Trophy" for the best attempt to provide some new service.

Thinking hard, a competing restaurant has decided to serve what it calls "old English food." In period surroundings, its waitresses, it says, will wear "costumes" and the food will be accompanied by candles and period music.

Alas, no information is forthcoming about the nature of the

"old English food." Rumour has it that "old English food" is just food served in candlelight.

An incident at the British Travel and Holidays Association assures us, however, that there is already a rush of business in the place—presumably led by those who hope to get there before the waitresses take to wearing costumes.

BOOKS AND BABEL The President of the Publishers' Association of Great Britain, a Mr R.E. Barker, has been stamping the globe for UNESCO—trying to find out what makes the world's book trade tick. He discovered that five thousand million books are printed every year—one for every two people in the world.

Of course, as one might suspect, it doesn't turn out that everybody in the world gets two books a year—or even gets to see two books a year.

Seventy-five percent of the world's books are published in 10 countries (with Russia, Japan, India and Britain at the top of the list) and 90 percent of the world's books are published in less than 30 of the nearly 3,000 written languages in use.

Nationalists agitating for national languages might do well to take note. Even English which spreads over a very large part of the globe does not provide enough clout to permit the publication of all the books that need to be published.

BURIED TREASURE Harassed officials of the Singapore government are bickering with a Chinese woman who claims she is the last person in the colony who knows where the Japanese buried £500,000 worth of gold and gems before they surrendered in 1945.

The fraud, gaudily-chained, wants half the value of the treasure to go where it is hidden. But the government is not prepared to give her that much.

The treasure is said to include old bars, diamonds and exquisite oriental jewellery looted by the Japanese from Malaya's stately homes during the occupation.

According to the woman, it is buried in two underground pillars of a building somewhere in Singapore.

WEDDING GIFT Monaco's eighteen-year-old Prince Rainier III held a secret night session to discuss the case of Princess Grace's necklace, one of two wedding gifts that the tiny principality presented to the royal couple.

Robert Bolsson, Monaco's mayor, ordered a £30,000 necklace from a Paris jeweller. He paid a £12,000 deposit.

Prince Rainier did not like it. So the Monaco parliament sent it back, and bought a new one from another Paris jeweller for £35,000.

The Prince liked that one.

Now the Monaco parliament wants its deposit back from the first jeweller. But he refuses to pay and threatens to take court action.

MID-CENTURY SOPHISTICATION George Newnes, one of Britain's biggest magazine publishers, has announced a new women's magazine—one, it says, that will cater for the rapidly growing group of British women who, in its phrase, are "sophisticated."

It will be called "Mirabelle"—and it will consist almost entirely of pictures. Its stories will be told, comic-book style, with cartoons.

Alas, no information is forthcoming about the nature of the

"old English food." Rumour has it that "old English food" is just food served in candlelight.

PRACTICAL JOKE A 38-year-old seamstress, paralysed for 10 years, is up and about again as the result of a practical joke. Her friends paid her a call, found her asleep and left a large wreath at the foot of her bed, with an inscription saying: "Your colleagues will never forget you."

When the woman awoke and saw the wreath she paled, according to an eyewitness, jumped out of bed and ran into the street crying: "I have not died."

Doctors have pronounced her completely cured.

NEW SPORT Doug Miller and Jack Bell are going for a 20-mile underwater "sleigh ride." In aquatilus and lifejackets, they will travel eight feet beneath the surface of Lake Ontario aboard a nine-foot submarine sled, towed by a motorboat.

They designed and built the craft.

Says Miller: "We want to arouse interest in a new sport to explore the underwater world, test the sled and have fun."

LORDS CLASH Should one say "a hotel" or "an hotel?" This problem split the House of Lords. One Old Etonian, Lord Methven, argued for "an." Another Old Etonian, Lord Faringdon, was so strong for "a" that he moved five amendments to a Bill about obituary notices.

Said Lord Methven, piloting the Bill: "Lord Faringdon is obnoxious."

The clash almost came to a vote. But at the last moment Lord Methven gave way.

SEVERE DANGER East German customs officials have confiscated a shirt worn by a West German father, Otto Zimmerman, of Duisburg, was sending to his 14-year-old son. When the father complained, he was told that the design on the front of the shirt, showing a swastika (throwing a bone), was a severe danger to the upbringing of East German children.

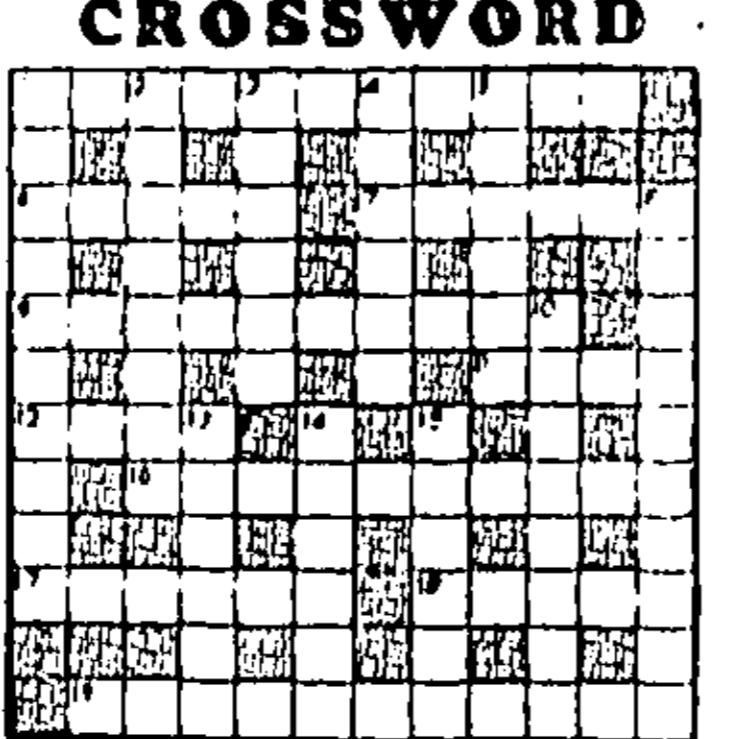
WAS IT CRICKET? The conductor on the bus to Lord's Cricket Ground had not heard of any important game that day.

The passenger, a clergyman, explained that the clergy of London were playing the clergy of Southwark.

The story-teller at the Church Assembly the other day said the conductor naively, then asked:

"Do they use a hard ball?"

CROSSWORD



Yesterday's edition

1. Anything that this is no accident. (11) 2. Potato. (6) 3. Then comes the start of something. (10) 4. Dartboard, exploded. (4) 5. Count starts an animal. (4) 6. Single stumps. (1, 7, 3) 7. Head over heels. (6) 8. In this mouth. (6) 9. He was tied down to his job. (10, 6)

Down

1. Yankee found old enemy here. (2, 3, 6) 2. Then go up in smoke. (8) 3. Often strait, this path. (6) 4. A small, thin, sharp object. (6) 5. Took 40 winks. (6) 6. Keeps a pony's head down. (10) 7. Drill a girl in an anagram. (10) 8. This kind of word might go on your wild and crazy way. (10) 9. This food is no featherweight. (10) 10. Those who might say they would be torn apart. (10)

Across

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183. Potato. (6) 184

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CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1956.

SHEAFFER'S

ADMIRAL "SNORKEL" PEN

Run-Getting Spree At Taunton

Taunton, July 6. Set to make 302 runs to win just under three hours, Somerset failed by 68 runs in a bold attempt to beat the Australian cricketers here today.

The match was drawn with five Somerset wickets still standing.

Final scores were:

Australians 340 for five declared and 230 for one declared.

Somerset 275 and 234 for two.

Batsmen on both sides provided grand entertainment in a run-getting spree. In five hours 20 minutes' play today 449 runs were scored while only five wickets fell.

FIFTH AUSSIE

Before lunch the Australians, with Jim Burke and Ian Craig each hitting centuries in an unbroken stand of 232, added 215 in 100 minutes before declaring. Then another Australian, Colin McCool, playing for the county, hit a dazzling 110 in 95 minutes (four sixes and 14 fours) in the victory bid.

Burke, who followed his first innings of 133 with 125 not out today became the fifth Australian to score two separate hundreds in a match in England. This feat was last accomplished in England in 1930 by Alan Kippax. Burke hit one six and 18 fours.

Crus scored his first century in England, 100 not out, hitting 18 fours.

Burke cast aside his stubborn mood of Wednesday when he spent five hours 21 minutes over 138. Today he raced to 100 in two and a half hours, never offering a chance. His driving was exceptionally clean and powerful.

Crus showed he has settled down to English conditions. The gifted 21-year-old batsman produced a flow of beautiful strokes. His second wicket came with Burke yielding 250 in three hours.

BOWLING PULVERISED

McCool followed his 80 of Thursday by pulverising the slow bowling of Johnson and Wilson, who took 29 off two consecutive overs from Johnson, who altogether conceded 42 runs in three overs.

After being badly missed when 58, McCool completed his hundred in 93 minutes. Hitting three sixes and 12 fours, he claimed 116 out of 107 before being stumped.—Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:



TRIANGLE:

DE-TAIL WORDS: Care, care, care, ca.

WACKY COMPASS: If you want a thing done, do it yourself.

FINISH THEM: Black as GOAL; Dye a DOME; Brute as a LION; Good as GOLD; Bury as a BEE; Neat as a PIN.

DO YOU KNOW BIRDS?

1. Bluebird
2. Brown Thrasher
3. Cardinal
4. Robin
5. Humming Bird
6. Wren
7. Chickadee
8. Oriole
9. Purple Martin

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

SEVENTH Heaven; Leaves; French Woods; Wild Geese; Cuckoo; Nerve Never; Lever Purchase; Buy Rose Rose; Dog Watch; Fox; Cheat Teach; Peach; Melons; Lemon; Fish; Olympic; Cricket; Haven; Mystery; Jester; Trick; Mask Iron Duke; Lake Warm; Wrap; Trap Part; Perce; Post; PILLAR.

Solutions to Over 700, You: 1. Sensitives; 2. Alder; 3. Botany — they gave their names to the Derby, the most famous horse race in the world; 4. Pin of a special name or nickname; 5. Leyte; 6. Saturday.

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PMs Reassess Soviet Policy BUT STILL WANT PROOF OF RED SINCERITY

By STANLEY PRIDDLE

London, July 6. The most important work done by the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in their conference here has clearly been their reassessment of Soviet policy in the light of Moscow's recent moves to ease tension, diplomatic observers here said tonight.

Informed sources report that the premiers were unanimous in welcoming the steps taken by the new rulers. But that there were distinct differences in emphasis in weighing the significance of Russian actions.

The majority of the Commonwealth leaders were broadly in agreement with the British view

that although Russia was anxious to avoid the risk of global war

the sincerity of her ultimate intentions had still to be proved.

Most of the reservations took account of what these prime ministers regard as a new front in political warfare started by the Russians in the Middle East area.

Go Own Way

India, and perhaps to a lesser extent, Ceylon, expressed the belief that Russia's recent actions reflected a genuine desire to come to terms with the non-Communist world on a policy of peaceful co-existence.

Tonight's communiqué stated that the "common understanding" reached would valuably

Hens Pay For Church

Arnhem, July 6. Farmers in the small village of Drempet near here responded to an appeal by local authorities for funds to restore the local church by offering eggs instead of money.

Each farmer promised to "nominate" one hen from his poultry to "work exclusively for the church."

All the hen's eggs will be given to the authorities to sell to raise money for the restoration work.—China Mail Special.

Film Company Buys Train

Colombo, July 6. A British film company, Horizon Pictures, which has sent a team out here to shoot the film "Bridge over the River Kwai", has bought a 52-year-old locomotive and six coaches from the Ceylon Government Railway for 200,000 rupees (£15,000 sterling).

The equipment, which had been condemned to the scrap heap will, it is understood, figure in about twenty minutes of the film, when the train and the bridge will both go under in a terrible explosion.—China Mail Special.

KNOW YOUR HONGKONG ANSWER:

In the Tiger Balm Gardens.

CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP

County Leaders Fail To Improve Position

London, July 6. Surrey and Lancashire, joint leaders in the county cricket championship, both failed to improve their position today.

Surrey were beaten by Northamptonshire and Lancashire fought an uphill fight to draw their game with Derbyshire. Both Surrey and Lancashire have 92 points, Surrey having played 13 games—one less than Lancashire.

Gloucestershire beat Leicestershire by an innings and 42 runs to move up into third place with 70 points. Four points behind came Glamorgan, who were without a match. Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, both of whom took first innings points off Leicestershire and Warwickshire respectively.

Kent Bottom

Only other victory scored today was by Middlesex, who beat Essex to move up to 68 points with Yorkshire, Kent

Rocky Marciano In Hospital

Brockton, Mass., July 6. Retired heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano was taken to hospital today after suffering a "kink" in his back while playing with his three-year-old daughter, Mary Ann.

Members of the family said Rocky injured himself yesterday while tossing the youngster in the air.

He went to the Brockton Hospital for X-rays.

Doctors told him to go home and stay in bed.

Last night, however, his back became more painful and he returned to the hospital, this time to stay for a while.

He is receiving "supportive treatment."

Rocky retired last April as undefeated champion.—United Press.

THOMSON HOLDS BRITISH OPEN

Hoyle, July 6. Peter Thomson, 26-year-old Australian, achieved a feat unparalleled in modern golf today when he won the British Open Golf Championship for the third successive year.

His aggregate for 72 holes of the 6,900 yards course here was 280. His four rounds were 70, 70, 72, 74.

Last man to win the event three times running was Scotman Bob Ferguson. But his victories in 1950-51-52 were recorded when the event was decided over 36 holes.

Second man to win Flory van Donek of Belgium, with an aggregate of 280, followed by Roberto de Vicenzo (Mexico), with 290.

Gary Player (South Africa), 71, 70, 73, 71—281; John Pantin (Scotland), 74, 76, 72, 70—292; Henry Cotton (England), 72, 76, 71, 74—293; E. Bertolini (Argentina), 70, 72, 76, 70—293; A. Cerda (Argentina), 72, 82, 88, 73—294; Mrs. M. Souchak (United States), 74, 74, 74, 74—294; Christy O'Connor (Ireland), 73, 78, 74, 70—295; Harry Woodman (England), 72, 76, 76, 72—295.—United Press.

Asian Finalists

The two surviving representatives from Asia in the list of 48 qualifiers, were Chen Ching Po of Formosa who shared 33rd place in the final order with an aggregate of 305 and Yo-hiro Ishii of Japan who was equal 36th, with an aggregate of 306.

Thomson showed signs of strain early in the final round, but he eventually finished a comfortable winner, his total of 280 being a record for the course.

Home golfers had a poor time. Visitors from abroad took the first four places and seven of the first nine places. John Pantin (Scotland) was first British player in sixth place, six strokes behind Thomson.

Only one score beat 70 today—by A. Cerda (Argentina) in the third round, when he

Scores

The leading scores were:

Peter Thomson (Australia) holder 70, 70, 72, 74—280; Flory van Donek (Belgium) 71, 74, 70, 74—280; Roberto de Vicenzo (Mexico) 71, 70, 79, 70—280; Gary Player (South Africa) 71, 70, 73, 71—281; John Pantin (Scotland) 74, 76, 72, 70—292; Henry Cotton (England) 72, 76, 71, 74—293; E. Bertolini (Argentina) 70, 72, 76, 70—293; A. Cerda (Argentina) 72, 82, 88, 73—294; Mrs. M. Souchak (United States) 74, 74, 74, 74—294; Christy O'Connor (Ireland) 73, 78, 74, 70—295; Harry Woodman (England) 72, 76, 76, 72—295.—United Press.

Government House

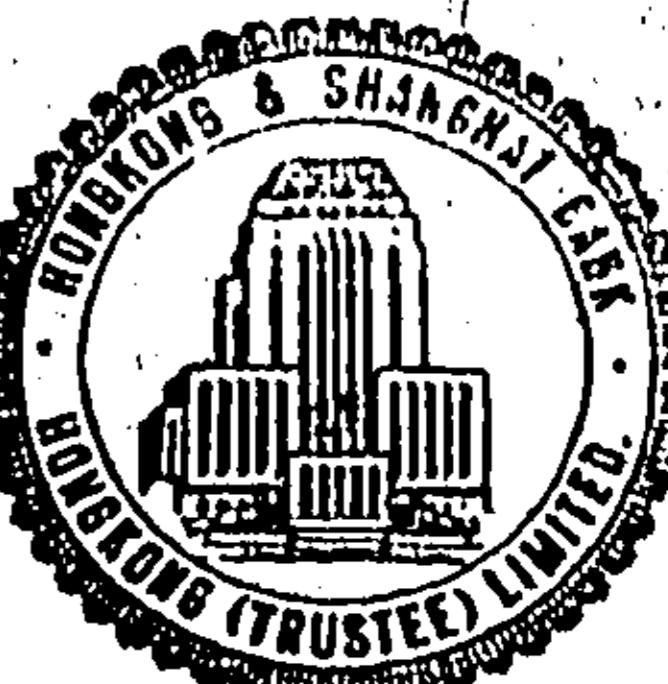
The China Mail learns that during the absence on leave of His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, some internal structural alterations are being made to Government House. Externally, the gubernatorial residence will also receive a "face lift."

Because of this work which is now in the process of being carried out, the Officer Administering the Government, the Hon. E. B. David, will continue to live in his residence in Barker Road.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"It's been half an hour since I spanked him—do you think he shows any signs of harbouring a lifetime resentment?"



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